

THE TEACHER

\$2.00 Per Year.

Vol. 2.

No.

No. 4.

CASTLE'S
School
Entertainments.

No. 2.

FOR

Primary and Intermediate
Grades.

By M. D. CASTLE.

CHICAGO:

A. FLANAGAN,
Publisher.

THE TEACHER'S HELPER

THE Teacher's Helper, now in its second year, is the result of a wish on the part of the publishers to issue in a cheap form, Guides or Helps to teachers on given subjects. Each issue is complete in itself. No pains will be spared to obtain the best material that can be had from active, prominent and successful persons now teaching. Each number will present a full and complete outline on the subject under discussion.

In Volume I there were some most excellent numbers. The especially valuable ones are:

Nature Myths and Stories, by Flora J. Cooke, of the Cook County, Ill., Normal School.

Outlines, Tables and Sketches in United States History, by S. Laura Ensign.

Outlines and Suggestions in teaching science, by Miss Nelson and **History and Literature** by Miss Rice, of the Cook County Normal School.

Krackowizer's Study of Hiawatha and First Reader. One of the most valuable issues of the series.

Stories of Norse Gods and Heroes.

Smith's Walks and Talks. Alone worth the price of a year's subscription.

The entire volume complete for \$2.00.

Good Things in Volume II. The second volume has a host of good numbers already under way.

No. 1, August, 1895, Wright's Fables, Stories and Facts. For supplementary reading and reproduction stories, etc. The articles, original and selected, are those which pupils will delight in, such as Cinderella, The Foolish Mouse, Hare and the Hedgehog, and many other fables. Also excellent articles on Plants, Animals and Birds, Noted Men, etc., and quite a number of standard selections.

No. 2, September, is by Miss Howliston, of the Chicago schools, and is entitled **Cat Tails and other Tales**. It is a series of stories and myths for supplementary reading, class instruction, etc. It is wholesome literature for children. The little poems are set to music, and the whole work made within the comprehension of second and third grade pupils.

No. 3, October, is **Three Little Lovers of Nature**. This number is specially handsome, the illustrations being of a high order, and the reading matter interesting and instructive. It tells in a most entertaining way the story of the doings of three bright children throughout the year. It imparts many truths of nature revealed in the common things about us. It will make a fine gift to any child, or a fine little volume to read from to the school, or an excellent reading book.

No. 4, November, is **Castle's Entertainments No. 2**. A new collection with much original matter of recitations, dialogues, class exercises, etc. It is for primary and intermediate grades.

Announcement of other numbers later.

Subscription price only \$2.00 per year.

A. FLANAGAN, Chicago, Publisher.

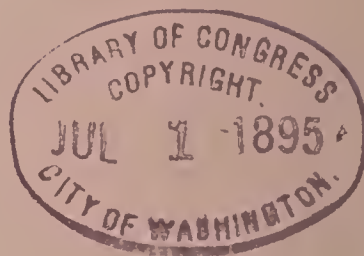
CASTLE'S
SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS

No. 2

COMPRISING RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES, CONCERT
EXERCISES, DRILLS, ETC.

PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE GRADES

26.6
5515-a
BY
HARRIET D. CASTLE



CHICAGO
A. FLANAGAN, PUBLISHER.

28504-aa

1895

PN4271
C3

COPYRIGHT, 1887
BY
A. FLANAGAN.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
An Oracle.....	173
A Number One Surprise Party.....	204
Ant as an Engineer, The.....	161
An Old Story.....	36
At the Door.....	62
Advice to the Office Boy.....	129
As you Go through Life.....	147
Better Way, The	131
Birds' Convention, The.....	113
Button Pie, The.....	40
Boy that Laughs, The	19
Big-Headed Boy, The.....	168
Bobby's Train	56
Boy I Know, A.....	48
Christmas Secrets	61
Cracked.....	65
Cat's Cradle.....	75
Calisthenic Song.....	93
Careful Messenger, The.....	134
Christmas Day.....	126
Careless Santa Claus.....	184
Christmas Wish, A.....	58
Chriftnas with Two Mollies.....	59
Dolly's Pocket.....	51
Dolly's Lessons.....	24
Exhibition Day.....	135
First Day of School, The.....	208
Friday Evening after Examination.....	128
Floral Alphabet, The	123
Freddy's Valentines	72
Fickle.....	53
For the Girls.....	54
Father's Play.....	38
Future President, A.....	22

	PAGE
Good-Night.....	31
Greeting from the New-Year	61
Geometric Play.....	110
Greedy Boy, The.....	109
Good Example, A	54
Hans and the Chickens	170
Happy New-Year, A.....	181
He was Weary of the Sermon.....	197
Holiday Family, The.....	143
Harry's Lecture.....	81
He Couldn't.....	63
Handsome is that Handsome Does....	56
Hurrah for the Fourth.....	26
He was Big Enough for Him.....	19
Holiday Song.....	179
Hero, A.....	17
I'm Thinking.....	29
Illustrated Alphabet..	96
I Say What I Think	137
If I Didn't Forget How Old I Was.....	165
In School	45
John Henry Jones.....	70
Johnny Speaks his Piece	69
Johnny's Reckoning.....	34
Keeping Lent.....	15
Kitty's Lesson.....	73
Little Brown Wren, The.....	151
Little Boy Blue.....	175
Little Paul's Thanksgiving.....	74
Little House-Maid, A. ..	36
Little Flo's Letters.....	11
Lesson Song, A.....	78
Laugh in Church, A.....	159
Miss Lollipop's Housekeeping.....	10
Man in the Moon, The.....	23
My Answer.....	28
Maybe.....	30
Mamma's "Help"	49
My Little Neighbor.....	52
My Dolly Hung her Stocking Up.....	58
Magic Vine, The	77
Mother Earth's House-Cleaning.....	141

CONTENTS.

v

	PAGE
Mathematics.....	166
Memory-Bridges, The.....	169
Merry Thought, A.....	22
Midnight Murder, A.....	110
Mother's Lesson, A.....	148
New Calendar, The.....	84
Ned's Choice ...	72
New-Year Book, The.....	64
New-Year, The.....	66
New Relation, A	20
Nocturne, A.....	90
One, Two, Three.....	20
Out-of-Doors Arithmetic.....	33
Ours	71
Our Holidays.....	100
One Only... ..	145
On the Up-Grade.....	152
Our Country.....	189
Proverbs.....	153
Passing Bell, The.....	183
Pictures from School Life....	206
Put-off Town.....	132
Puzzled Girlie, A.....	47
Plural of James, The.....	39
Painful Mistake, A.....	16
Poor Rule, A.....	37
Quarrelsome Place, A.....	14
Queer Quarrel, A.....	25
'Rest'rant.—Fresh Mud Pies	99
Round the Mulberry Bush.....	94
Reason Why, The	76
Rover and I.....	53
Rubbish.....	46
Riddle for the Writing Class, A.....	44
Regular Boy, A.....	35
Race, A.....	16
Runaway, A.....	67
School is Done... ..	7
She had the She-Cups.....	8
Some one's Little Daughter.....	33
Signs of a Gentleman.....	41

	PAGE
Seven Little Gypsies.....	45
Success	55
Sun-Flower Song, A.....	80
School Furniture.....	91
Scheme of Emigration, A.....	156
School Superintendent, The.....	157
Syzenteres.....	162
Saving Mother... ..	163
Sudden Cure, A.....	97
6 by 9 Rhyme, A.....	8
True Beauty.....	176
Thoughts for the Day.....	193
Travelers.....	199
Tired Phonograph.....	149
To Little Newtons	139
Tommy's Thanksgiving Trouble.....	77
Too Bad.	70
Two Stockings.....	60
Trials	50
Three Ways.....	32
That Little Girl.....	9
Very Odd Girl, A.....	140
Vacation in the School-Room.....	160
Valentine Day.....	71
Very Objectionable	27
Welcome, A.....	46
Who'll buy Greatness.....	177
War-March of Company A.....	190
What Santa Claus Found.....	186
When Grandma was a Little Girl Like Me.....	13
When Sleepy-Time Comes.....	17
We's Twinnies.....	26
Why?.....	42
What Weather We'll Buy	57
Washington and I.....	67
What Santa Claus Brought the Boys and Girls.....	106
Why Don't the Snowflakes Come.....	112
Why Polly was Happy.....	133
Weather Signals.....;	195
Watching the Old Year Out.	180

CASTLE'S SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS.

No. 2.

RECITATIONS FOR PRIMARY GRADES.

SCHOOL IS DONE.

Oh, school is done! school is done!
Toss up caps and have a run!
No more sums for us to do,
Away with books and headaches, too!
Sweeter girls and better boys
We shall be for all our joys.

Oh, school is done! school is done!
Won't we have some jolly fun!
Happy hearts are all in tune
With this merry month of June;
We shall learn from fresher books,
Trees and grass and babbling brooks.

Oh, school is done! school is done!
Happiest days are just begun;

In the country green and sweet,
At the beaches we may meet ;
Playmates, classmates, teachers, friends,
Good-bye till vacation ends !

A 6 BY 9 RHYME.

A QUEER little boy who'd been to school
And was up to all sorts of tricks,
Discovered that 9, when upside down,
Would pass for the figure 6.

So when asked his age by a good old dame,
The comical youngster said,
"I'm 9 when I stand on my feet like this,
But 6 when I stand on my head."

Makes low bow, touching floor with head.)

SHE HAD THE SHE-CUPS.

FRANK H. STAUFFER.

"I HAVEN'T dot the *he*-cups," she said,
As she gave her lips a curl ;
"It is the *she*-cups I have dot,
For I'm a little dirl."

THAT LITTLE GIRL.

I.

I OFTEN hear folks talking, a-laughing and a-talking
About a little girl who "lives not very far from
here: "

One who's "extremely mussy"
And "meddlesome" and "fussy,"
Who "loves to wander through the house and get
things out of gear."
I'm glad I'm not so mussy
And meddlesome and fussy;
I cannot see why any girl can be so very queer.

II.

I've just heard mother joking, a-scolding and a-
joking
About a little girl who "does not live a mile away."
She says she is a "midget
Made up of mostly fidget,"
And "from Monday until Sunday, she does nothing
else but play."
I'm glad I'm not a "midget
Made up of mostly fidget."
I'm glad I'm not so little that I can not quiet stay.

III.

I once heard papa hinting, a-talking and a-hinting
About a little girl who "doesn't live up in the
moon."
He says she's "very silly,
And her first name isn't Billy,

That she "talks the blessed morning, if she doesn't
sleep till noon."

I'm glad I am not silly,
Though my first name isn't Billy,
And I hardly ever talk at all, and always "get up
soon."

IV.

I've heard some folks complaining, a-sighing and
complaining
About a little girl who lives "next door to folks
they know."

They say she's "very lazy,"
She "almost sets them crazy,"
That she's "always doing nothing, and does it very
slow."

I'm glad I am not lazy,
I never set folks crazy,
And I work so very, very much I've hardly time to
grow.

MISS LOLLIPOP'S HOUSEKEEPING.

LITTLE Miss Lollipop thought she must help
To wash up the dishes, and wipe up the shelf,
To brush off the table, and sweep up the floor,
And clean off the stains from the paint on the door.

She put on her apron and pulled up her sleeve—
She didn't want work that was only make-believe;
"For muzzers, who've dot yittle chillens," said she,
"Must have yittle housekeepers; dat's what I'll be."

Little Miss Lollipop went through the room,
Whisked the dust high with the edge of the broom,
Broke the poor cup which she dropped on the floor,
Left the paint twenty times worse than before.

Spattered and splashed—but oh ! how could I chide
The little heart swelling with sweet, helpful pride?
“For how would my muzzer be able,” said she,
“To get froo her work if she didn’t have me !”

Dearer the love in the sunny blue eyes,
Than the dust she is raising which fades as it flies ;
Better to miss the best cup on the shelf,
Than chill the dear heart which is giving itself.

Dear little Lollipop ! we are, like you,
Spoiling the work we are trying to do—
But surely the Father who loves us will heed,
And take in His kindness the will for the deed !

LITTLE FLO'S LETTERS.

A SWEET little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo,
And she wanted it brought to the table
That it might eat and grow—
“It must wait for a while,” said grandma,
In answer to her plea,
“For a little thing that hasn’t teeth
Can’t eat like you and me.”

"Why hasn't it got teeth, grandma?"

Asked Flo in great surprise:

"Oh, my! but ain't it funny?"

No teeth, but nose and eyes?

I guess" (after thinking gravely)

"They must have been fordot.

Can't we buy him some like grandpa,

I'd like to know why not?"

That afternoon to the corner

With paper, pen and ink,

Went Flo, saying, "Don't talk to me,

If you do, it'll stop my think!

I'm writing a letter, grandma,

To send away to-night;

And 'cause it's very 'portant

I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished,

A wonderful thing to see—

And directed to "God in Heaven,"

"Please read it over to me,"

Said little Flo to her grandma,

"To see if it's right, you know,"

And here is the letter written

To God from little Flo:

"Dear God—The baby you brought us

Is awful nice and sweet,

But 'cause you forgot his toofies,

The poor little thing can't eat;

That's why I'm writing this letter

A purpose to let you know,

Please come and finish the baby.

That's all.

From LITTLE FLO."

WHEN GRANDMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL LIKE ME.

SHE said there was a grea' big lovely orchard,
An' everywhere, as far as you could see,
Just grass an' trees all full of fruit a-growin'—
When grandma was a little girl like me.

She said there was a lot of little bunnies,
An' she telled us just how tame they used to be,
Eatin' lettuce leaves an' clover from her fingers,
When grandma was a little girl like me.

An' pigs, she said, an' cats, an' little chickens,
An' a norful dog 'at barked *termenjously*,
An' a cunning little calf down in the pasture—
When grandma was a little girl like me.

She had some grea' big bruvvers an' a sister,
An' a baby, just a teenty tonty wee,
A little bit o', *bit o'* BIT o' baby,
'Cause grandma wa'n't a only child—like me.

An' 'en she telled us all about 'e attic
Where all 'e little children used to play,
An' lots o' room to run around an' holler
When it rained outside the whole long, living day.

It must 'a' been just lovely there to grandma's,
The city's just as different as can be;
I guess it was a great deal more like Heaven
When grandma was a little girl like me.

A QUARRELSOME PLACE.

IN grandmamma's kitchen things got in a riot :
 The cream in a pot on the shelf,
 Where everything always seemed peaceful and
 quiet,
 Got whipped—for I heard it myself.
 And grandmamma said—such a queer thing to say—
 That it made some things better to whip them that
 way !

Some bold, naughty eggs, that refused to be eaten
 On toast with their brothers may be,
 Were stripped of their clothing and cruelly beaten
 Right where all the dishes could see ;
 And grandmamma said, though the poor things
 might ache,
 The harder the beating, the lighter the cake !

The bright golden butter was petted and patted
 And coaxed to be shapely and good ;
 But it finally had to be taken and spat
 Right hard with a paddle of wood ;
 When grandmamma carried the round balls away
 The buttermilk sulked and looked sour all day.

The water declared that the coffee was muddy,
 But an egg settled that little fuss ;
 Then the steak and the gridiron got in a bloody
 And terrible broil ! such a muss !
 And a flatiron spat at grand'ma in the face—
 And I ran away from the quarrelsome place.

KEEPING LENT.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

WHEN mamma said, "Now, children, dear,
You know that it is Lent,
Some blessing you should sacrifice,
Which heaven to you has sent"—
Our ten-year-old made haste to say,
"You promised *me* a dress,
And if I say I'll give that up,
'Twill be enough, I guess."

"Well, *I* love sugar in my tea,
Three lumps and sometimes four,
If I agree to go without,
You could not ask for more,"
Said number two, with thoughtful face,
And wisely nodding head,
While number three was thinking fast,
Our roguish little Fred.

"I want to div up somefin big,
'Cause I ain't very dood,
But, when my fings was div to me,
I touldn't if I would."
And while his bright eyes shone like stars,
With manner calm and cool,
He said, "I fink dat *I* will try
And *div up doin'* to school."

A PAINFUL MISTAKE.

EDITH M. FOSTER.

"BUZZ-BUZZ," a bird sung in a cup
Of hollyhock so tall,
But when I tried to shut him up,
And make him a nice room to sup—
'Twas not a bird at all!

I don't know all my alphabet—
I am too small, you see;
But there's one letter in the set
That after this I'll never forget—
And that's the letter B.

A RACE.

A LITTLE tear and a little smile
Set out to run a race,—
We watched them closely all the while,
Their course was Baby's face.

The little tear he got the start;
We really feared he'd win,
He ran so fast, and made a dart
Straight for her dimpled chin.

But somehow—it was very queer,
We watched them all the while—
The little shining, fretful tear
Got beaten by the smile.

A HERO.

HE'D heard about them, every one,
Those small, brave story-boys,
He thought a battle must be "fun,"
With all the guns and noise.

He played he was an Indian scout,
So brave to shoot and ride—
But when he had his tooth pulled out,
This fearless hero—cried.

WHEN SLEEPY-TIME COMES.

BY PATTY CARYL.

Do you fancy our Rob goes to bed? Indeed, no!
But he stops his stick-horse, with a very loud
"whoa!"

Just in front of my chair, for a second or so,
When the clock on the mantel strikes eight,
As he says, "Mrs. May, now the dark's coming
down,

I must hurry along, ma'am, to Happy-dream town.
There's a river to cross, and, you know, I might
drown

If I dared any longer to wait."

Perhaps five minutes later, I find him in bed,
 With a handkerchief tied 'round his dear curly head.
 He is really quite ill, so the doctor has said,
 But his merry eyes twinkle with fun.
 So, at once, I'm a hospital nurse, understand,
 And I sit by his side, smoothing softly his hand,
 Until soon, very soon, he is safe in the land
 Where his journeys in dreams are begun.

There are times when together the mountains we
 climb,
 (It is only the staircase, you know, every time),
 And our journey begins at the instant the chime
 Of the clock on the mantel says eight.
 Or my Rob's engineering a passenger-train,
 Which has stopped at a station so near the home
 lane,
 That it finds me, a traveler, caught in the rain,
 Who is very glad not to be late.

And my little boy knows it is all make-believe,
 But it helps him, you see, not to worry and grieve
 When the time has arrived all his playthings to
 leave,
 And to yield to his go-to-bed fate.
 Who am I? O, his mamma, you know, "Mrs.
 May,"
 And his partner in planning this nice little way
 Which so happily closes the long, happy day
 When the clock on the mantel strikes eight.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I KNOW a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born ;
His face is like a beam of joy
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan,
But how he laughed ! Do you suppose
He struck his funny-bone ?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand ;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done ;
The school-room for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry ;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

HE WAS BIG ENOUGH FOR HIM.

For very small boy.

I MET a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

A NEW RELATION.

A. M. P.

Little girl with doll.

Now, Dolly, listen ! what you s'pose
I've got for you to-day ?
It's sumfin that will joint my nose—
That's what I heard 'em say—
I'm sure you'll like it, 'cause it's new,
A little uncle just for you.

"ONE, TWO, THREE."

BY H. C. BUNNER.

[From the Christmas number of "Scribner's Magazine" by special permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.]

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple-tree ;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three !

“ You are in the china closet ! ”
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china-closet ;
But he still had Two and Three.

“ You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key ! ”
And she said : “ You are *warm* and *warmer* ;
But you're not quite right,” said she.

“ It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma ! ”
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
 That were wrinkled and white and wee,
 And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
 With a 'One and a 'Two and a 'Three.

And they never stirred from their places,
 Right under the maple-tree—
 This old, old, old, old lady,
 And the boy with the lame little knee—
 This dear, dear, dear old lady,
 And the boy who was half-past three.

A MERRY THOUGHT.

ANNA M. PRATT.

If all the little children dear
 Who are glad vacation days are here
 Should stand in a line with their books and slates
 They'd reach across the United States,
 And then if they counted one, two, three,
 And laughed—what a long, long laugh 'twould be!

A FUTURE PRESIDENT.

GRANDMAMMA declares that the child is full of
 knowledge,
 Grandpapa already talks of sending him to college;
 He's a darling little fellow, but I really must confess
 His learning hasn't got beyond round O and
 crooked S,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

BY J. W. RILEY.

O, THE Man in the Moon has a crick in his back;
Whee!

Whimm!

Ain't you sorry for him?

And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run
If he dares to dream even he looks at the sun;
So he just dreams of stars as the doctors advise.

My!

Eyes!

But isn't he wise

To just dream of the stars as the doctors advise?

And the Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear,
Whee!

Whing!

What a singular thing!

I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear—
There's a boil on his ear and a corn on his chin—
He calls it a dimple, but dimples stick in;
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know;

Whang!

Ho!

Why, certainly so!

It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

And the Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee!
Gee!

Whizz!

What a pity that is!

And his toes have worked round where his heels
 ought to be ;
 So whenever he wants to go north he goes south,
 And comes back with the porridge crumbs all 'round
 his mouth,
 And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan.
 Whing !
 Whann !
 What a marvelous man !
 What a very remarkable marvelous man !

DOLLY'S LESSONS.

ANNA M. PRATT.

I WANT to teach my dolly—
 Her ig'rance is obsurd,
 I really hate to 'fess it,
 But she cannot spell a word.

Tho' I give her short examples
 She never gets them done,
 For she doesn't know her tables
 As far as one times one.

She pays the best of 'tention,
 And p'r'aps I'm too strick,
 But sakes ! she tries my patience
 When she studies 'rilm'tic.

She's careless 'bout her writin',
She scratches like a hen,
And now she's sprained her thumb so bad
She cannot hold a pen.

She ought to have a lib'ary,
But what would be the use
To get her books of poickry
When she can't read Mother Goose?

She must have a ed-ju-ca-tion,
For her mamma'd die of shame
If dolly should be lost some day
When she couldn't spell her name.

A QUEER QUARREL.

"I'm the happiest boy in town!" cried Lee;
"I'm happier'n you!" said Roy;
And then they grew angry as angry could be
Over which was the happier boy.

"Happy folks never quarrel," said sweet Auntie
Belle;
But "I'm happy!" said Lee and said Roy;
Then they laughed at their folly, till no one could
tell
Which was the happier boy.

HURRAH FOR THE FOURTH!

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

“HURRAH for the Fourth!” said Tom Ruthledge,
“Hurrah!

Run the stars and the stripes up high!
What day is so dear to a regular boy,
As the jolly old Fourth of July?”

His staid English father looked quietly on
And asked, with a laugh in his eye,
“An’ wot be they makin’ the fuss aboot, Tam?
Wot ’appened the Fourth of July?”

The free-born American’s eyes were ashine,—
His heart and his cheeks were aglow,—
“Why, that’s when the old Declaration was signed;
The day when we licked you, you know.”

WE’S TWINNIES.

For two small boys, one with black and one with blue eyes.

ROGER and I,
We’s Twinnies!

When God opened up a bit of blue sky
To let one little boy-angel by,
There was two slipped out, and that’s just why
We’s Twinnies!

Roger has blue eyes, and I has black,
Papa was going to send me back,
Mamma cried so when he took that tack.

We's Twinnies !

More little dresses had to be made,
Two little chairs set out in the shade,
Two little children to be afraid.

We's Twinnies !

Papa comes home quick every night ;
Roger's is left knee, mine is right ;
We squeezes him up most awfully tight.

We's Twinnies !

We puts our arms round his neck, just so ;
He says he don't want to see us grow ;
Won't be so cute when we're men, you know.

We's Twinnies !

VERY OBJECTIONABLE.

ANNIE L. HANNAH.

“ I wish folks wouldn't pat your head,
And say : ‘ Good little boy ! ’
I b'lieve they do it just to see
How much they can annoy !

“ I wish that when you come about
They wouldn't *always* say
That ‘ Little pitchers have big ears,’
And motion you away,

“I wish they wouldn't say : ‘You must
Be seen, but never heard ;’
Of all the foolish, silly things,
That is the most absurd !

“I wish they *sometimes* wouldn't ask
How far you've got in school ;
And if you've learned to read and write,
As though you were a fool !

“I wish—But it's no use to wish,
When folks don't care a pin
What's going to rile a fellow up,
Or what would tickle him.”

—*Harper's Young People.*

MY ANSWER.

ANNA M. PRATT.

I STUDIED my tables over and over, and backward
and forward, too ;
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't
know what to do.
Till sister told me to play with my doll and not to
bother my head.
“If you call her ‘Fifty-four’ for awhile, you'll learn
it by heart,” she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought
 'twas a dreadful shame
 To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly
 horrid name),
 And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a
 hundred times, till I knew
 The answer of six times nine as well as the answer
 of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts
 so proud,
 Said: "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly
 laughed aloud!
 But I wished I hadn't when teacher said: "Now
 Dorothy, tell if you can,"
 For I thought of my doll and—sakes alive!—I an-
 swered—" *Mary Ann!*"

—*In St. Nicholas.*

I'M THINKING.

PAPA says I must go to school,
 To read and spell and write,
 And then, maybe, to college, too,
 If I study with all my might;
 I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
 But I'm thinking I never can learn it all!

Aunt Nell says I must learn to sew,
 To overcast, stitch and fell,
 And learn to play the piano, too,
 And the violin, as well;

I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I *never* can learn it all!

Grandma says I must learn to knit,
And to crochet beautiful lace,
Aunt Nan says she shall teach me to draw,
And to copy the baby's face ;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I **NEVER** can learn it all!

Mamma says I must learn to cook,
And to make nice bread and cake,
And puddings and salads and jellies, too,
And to broil and steam and bake ;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I **NEVER** can learn it all!

MAYBE.

PERHAPS there is an old white owl
Afraid to stay in the dark,
And possibly there's a yellow dog
Who doesn't know how to bark,
And it maybe there is a brindled cow
Who isn't proud of her calf,—
But I hope there isn't a boy or girl
Who doesn't enjoy a laugh.

"GOOD-NIGHT."

M. D. BRINE.

Little girl with doll.

COME, good-night, my dolly dear ;
It is bed-time,—do you hear ?
"Little girl must go to bed !"
That is what my mamma said.
But I guess, I really do,
Dolly dear, that she meant *you*.
I'm not sleepy, so you see,
Mamma couldn't have meant *me*.

Now, my child, be good, don't cry ;
Morning's coming by-and-by.
Let me brush your little hair,
Wash your face, too, dolly fair.
That's the way all mothers do
For their babies, and I, too,
Am as good a little mother
To *my* child as any other.

Now the little nightie. O
Dolly sweet, I *love* you so !
Till to-morrow comes, my pet,
All your play you must forget.
Now good-night. Oh dear, oh dear !
I see nursie coming here !
I'm afraid, to tell you true,
Mamma did mean *me*, not you !

THREE WAYS.

BY JANE ANDREWS.

Across the fields in the sunshine,
 Bertha and Annie and May,
 With hands full of gathered daisies,
 Wandered one Summer day.

Till they came where the tall corn stood in rows,
 In its shimmer of shade and shine;
 They met a field-mouse seeking food
 For herself and her babies nine.

"There's a horrid mouse!" cried Bertha;
 "I'll kill him with this stone."
 "No; I've caught it in my hat," said May,
 "And I'll carry it safely home.

"I'll pet it and train it, and it shall draw
 My new, red cart so well;
 'Twill be like a fairy godmother's gift,
 Made out of a pumpkin shell."

But Annie closed one soft hand
 Over the captive small;
 "I'll send her home to her babies—
 That will be best of all."

If I should meet a field-mouse,
 I know which way I'd do;
 What do you say, my children,
 Which of the three would you?

OUT-OF-DOORS ARITHMETIC.

J. M. L.

ADD bright buds, and sun, and flowers,
New green leaves and fitful showers
To a bare world, and the sum
Of the whole to "Spring" will come.

Multiply these leaves by more,
And the flowers by a score ;
The result—if found aright—
Will be "Summer," long and bright.

Then divide the flowers and sun
By gray clouds and storms begun,
And the quotient found will be
"Autumn," over land and sea.

From this then subtract the red
Of the leaves up overhead—
Also every flower in sight,
And you've "Winter," cold and white.

ME ONE'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

WHEN mamma scolds her little girl,
Or papa sugar-plums has bought her,
She says with saucy emphasis :
"I'm papa's little daughter."

When papa chides, or frowns at her,
 For naughty ways we have not taught her,
 She says, with sweet coquettish stress :
 "I'm mamma's little daughter."

When papa and when mamma too
 Must scold, for wrong in which they've caught her
 She sobs, in broken-heartedness :
 "I ain't—nobody's daughter."

But when she's sweet, and kind, and true,
 And sees the good that love has brought her,
 She says, with loving promptitude :
 "I'm bofe you's little daughter."

OUR LITTLE ONES.

JOHNNY'S RECKONING.

I'VE thought of such a jolly plan ! The calendar, you
 know.
 Seems quite unfinished, for most months keep spill-
 ing over so.
 Now should they all have just four weeks, the pages
 would look neat,
 And surplus days together form another month
 complete.
 An extra month with one odd day—oh, wouldn't it
 be prime.
 If this were done, and added on to our vacation-
 time !

—*St. Nicholas.*

A REGULAR BOY.

GEORGE COOPER.

HE was not at all particular
To keep the perpendicular
While walking, for he either skipped or jumped,
He stood upon his head awhile,
And when he went to bed awhile,
He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.

He never could keep still a bit ;
The lookers-on thought ill of it ;
He balanced on his ear the kitchen broom ;
And did some neat trapezing,
Which was wonderfully pleasing,
On every peg in grandpa's harness room.

From absolute inanity.
The cat approached insanity
To see him slide the bannisters so rash ;
But once on that mahogany,
While trying to toboggan, he
Upset his calculations with a crash !

And since that bad disaster
He has gone about in plaster—
Not of Paris, like a nice Italian toy ;
But the kind the doctor uses,
When the bumps and cuts and bruises
Overcome a little regular live boy !

—*In St. Nicholas.*

A LITTLE HOUSE-MAID.

EMMA C. DOWD.

I AM a little house-maid ;
This sweeping-cap I wear
Because I must, for fear the dust
Would settle in my hair.

I've put on grandma's glasses ;
Those, and the kerchief, too,
Are to make me look like our old cook,—
I wonder if I do ?

This bunch of keys is auntie's,
They jingle as I walk ;
But I must go, for maids, I know,
Should not stop long to talk.

AN OLD STORY.

J. H. T.

THE pussy-cat said,
As she lifted her head,
And gracefully raised her dainty paw,
“ Dear Robin, I've heard
You're the sweetest bird

That ever a mortal saw."

"Don't flatter me so,—

"It's wrong, you know,—

Tho' better judges have said the same.

Then the quick blood rushed,

And she blushed and blushed

Down to her bosom of flame.

"But, you see," said Kitty,

"It's such a pity

To waste your charms on the desert air;

I vow it's a shame

For so rare a dame

To pine in seclusion there."

Then pussy-cat smiled,

And Robin, beguiled

By her gay and treacherous laughter,

Alighted at once

On the ground, like a dunce,

And never was heard of after!

A POOR RULE.

E. S. B.

SAID Mary to Johnny, "O dear!

This play is too poky and slow;
There's only one bubble-pipe here—

O Johnny, please, *I* want to blow!"

"No, I'll blow them *for* you," said he;

"Just watch, and you'll see every one.

That leaves all the labor to me,
While you will have only the fun."

Said Johnny to Mary, "O my!
That apple, so big and so bright,
You can't eat it all if you try;
O Mary, please, *I* want a bite!"
"No, I'll eat it *for* you," said she,
"And show you just how it is done;
I'll take all the labor, you see,
And you will have only the fun!"

FATHER AT PLAY.

SUCH fun as we had one rainy day,
When father was home and helped us play.

We made a ship and hoisted sail,
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale—

But we hadn't sailed into London town
When captain and crew and vessel went down.

Down, down, in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the deck.

But he broke out again with a lion's roar,
And we on two legs, he on four,

Ran out of the parlor and up the stair,
And frightened mamma and the baby there.

So mamma said she'd be p'liceman now,
And tried to 'rest us. But she didn't know how.

Then the lion laughed and forgot to roar,
Till we chased him out of the nursery door;

And then he turned to a pony gay,
And carried us all on his back away—

Whippity, lickity, hickity, ho!
If we hadn't fun, then I don't know!

Till we tumbled off and he cantered on,
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.

And I couldn't tell, any more than he,
Which was Charlie, and which was me,

Or which was Towser, for all in a mix
You'd think three people had turned to six.

Till Towser's tail was caught in the door;
He wouldn't hurrah with us any more.

And mamma came in the rumpus to quiet,
And told us a story to break up a riot.

THE PLURAL OF JAMES.

NEVER a boy had so many names;
They called him Jimmy and Jim and James,
Jeems and Jamie; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey, J-i-m-m!"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel, out in the hall,
"Jimmy! Jimmy!" would sweetly call,
Until he answered, and let her know,
Where she might find him, she loved him so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Didn't believe in abridging names,
And made the most he could of "J-a-m-e-s."

But if papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons "Jim!"
That would make the boy on his errands run
Much faster than if he had said "My Son."

THE BUTTON PIE.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

A BUTTON pie! a button pie!
It was our fondest wish.
We took the nursery buttons,
And put them in a dish.

We mixed them well with sawdust
Squeezed out of Dolly's arm,

And some of Nursie's hair-oil
Not thinking any harm.

And then we put the pie to bake
Beneath the sewing-table,
And went to play a little while
With Johnny's horse and stable.

But Nursie came and whisked her dress,
And over went the pie.
I think I will not tell the rest,
For fear—that I should—cry !

SIGNS OF A GENTLEMAN.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I KNEW him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail ;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play—
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street ;
Off came his little cap ;
My door was shut, he waited there
Until I heard his rap.

He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me,
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can;
For in whatever company
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same,
The manner tells the tale;
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

—*In Harper's Young People.*

WHY?

THE very oddest boy I know
Is Robin Adair with his head of tow,
And his brave, bright eyes where the questions
grow,

For this very same boy is asking why
From the time that morning paints the sky,
Till the sleepless stars come out on high.

Why does Jack's kite stay up in the sky ?
It has no wings and yet it can fly !
And sister says wishes go just as high.

Why is oatmeal healthy and candy good ?
Is it always naughty to do as you would ?
And would you be an angel if you could ?

This rose was a bud and why did it burst ?
This bird was an egg and which came first,
The egg or the bird, and how was it nursed ?

What is the wind and where does it stay ?
When it hushes itself and creeps away,
Is it sighing or singing, and what does it say ?

Why is it bad for boys to fight,
And for soldier men so brave and right ?
Why do I love you best at night ?

Why do the oaks and elms stand tall,
And the apple-trees do the work for all,
With their gnarled old branches ready to fall ?

Why does a great strong gentleman ride
In a carriage, handsome, and soft, and wide,
And a tired, old woman walk by the side ?

Ah ! Robin, I'll neither laugh nor cry,
But I'll tell you a secret deep and high—
The grown-up children keep asking, Why ?

And the answers are somewhat safe and fair,
 Beyond the stars and the starlit air,
 For men and women, and Robin Adair.

— *Youth's Companion.*

A RIDDLE FOR THE WRITING CLASS.

E. S. B.

THERE'S a one-legged elf in a white rubber cap
 That dances before you or lies in your lap ;
 Tho' you say not a word, yet as quick as a wink
 This gay little gad-about tells what you think.

He follows your fancies ; he goes or he stops,
 He scrambles or gallops, he glides or he hops ;
 Tho' loaded with lead, yet he hasn't his match ;—
 The spry little skip-away " comes to the scratch."

If ever his words appear out of the way
 Just collar him gently but firmly, and say,
 " Come, now, you shall walk on your head, little chap,
 Till you rub out your work with your funny white
 cap! "

(*Holds up pencil with eraser on end.*)

IN SCHOOL.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

“THE word for you to-day is ‘toward.’
I write it here upon the board.
Now try if you with it can make
A sentence clear, without mistake.”

Then Teddy's lips pressed tightly down,
His brow was tied up in a frown;
And thought spread over all his face
As dots and crosses found their place,

With capitals and all the rest
He strove to do his very best.
So, slowly, carefully, he wrote :
“Last night I toward my Sunday coat.”

SEVEN LITTLE GYPSIES.

SEVEN little gypsies, wand'ring one by one ;
Some are full of sorrow, some are full of fun ;
Telling people's fortunes in the queerest way ;
Turning, oh, so slowly ! black hair into gray ;
Taking something always, as they pass along ;
Never for a moment caring if it's wrong ;
And we cannot find it, what they steal away,
For each little gypsy is a passing Day.

A WELCOME.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

O, poor darling Papa is out in the storm.
I must hurry and see that his slippers are warm,
And run for his paper and put it down there
Just where he will look for it, close by his chair.
And then I shall sit at the window and wait
And watch, till I see him come in at the gate,
And throw him some kisses—a dozen or more.
They'll do till he gets fairly in at the door.
And then—well! before he can shake off the rain
I shall have every kiss that I gave, back again.

I know he will say as he comes up the street:
“I don't care for rain or for snow or for sleet,
For when I get home I shall certainly see
A dear little girlie there, watching for me.”

RUBBISH.

A. M. P.

I GATHERED all the scowls and growls
Miss Grumble left around,
To sell them to the ragman
At half a cent a pound.

But ah ! he knew a thing or two,
For he shook his trowsled head ;
“No, ma'am ! I'll have good-natured rags,
Or none at all,” he said.

A PUZZLED GIRLIE.

Tho' she's small, she's not a dunce,
And she's heard folks say
That the world turns over once
In a night and day.
Is it all a great mistake ?
She has felt some doubt ;
But if she could keep awake,
She would soon find out.

All her world is flat and round—
She's right on the top—
Maybe, like a pancake browned,
It is turned, flip, flop !
What a somersault 'twould make,
How the boys would shout !
Oh, if she could keep awake,
She would soon find out.

She has vowed that till she knows
She'll not sleep again ;
But her eyelids always close
Ere the clock strikes ten.
Do the hills and houses shake ?
Are stars tossed about ?

Oh, if she *could* keep awake,
She would soon find out.

A BOY I KNOW.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

I KNOW a little bright-eyed boy
Who lives not far away.
And though he is his mother's joy,
He plagues her, too, they say.
For when his task he's bid to do,
He sits him down and cries, "Boohoo! *
I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't!"

Yes! whether he's to practise well,
Or do his horrid sums,
Or "Hippopotamus" to spell.
Or clean to wash his thumbs;
It matters not, for with a frown
The corners of his mouth go down—
"I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't!"

Oh! what a joyful day 'twill be
For mother and for son,
When smiling looks they both shall see
Beneath the smiling sun.
For in his heart he knows 'tis stuff,
And knows that if he tries enough,
He can! He can! He can! He can! He can!

* Pretend to cry.

MAMMA'S "HELP."

BY MRS. SARAH D. HOBART.

"YES! Bridget has gone to the city,
And papa is sick, as you see,
And mamma has no one to help her
But two-years-old Laurence and me.

"You'd like to know what I am good for,
'Cept to make work and tumble things down?
I guess there aren't no little girlies
At your house at home, Doctor Brown!

"I've brushed all the crumbs from the table,
And dusted the sofa and chairs,
I've polished the hearth-stone and fender,
And swept off the area stairs.

"I've wiped all the silver and china,
And just dropped one piece on the floor,
Yes, Doctor, it broke in the middle
But I 'spect it was crackded before.

"And the steps that I save precious mamma!
You'd be s'prised, Doctor Brown, if you knew;
She says if it wasn't for Bessie
She couldn't edsisit the day through!

"It's 'Bessie, bring papa some water!'
And 'Bessie dear, run to the door!'
And 'Bessie love, pick up the playthings
The baby has dropped on the floor.'

“ Yes, Doctor, I'm 'siderably tired,
 I've been on my feet all the day.
 Good-bye ! well, *perhaps I will* help you
 When your old Bridget ‘ goes off to stay ! ’ ”

TRIALS.

BESSIE B. M'CLURE.

Little girl with five dolls,—one in cradle, one with torn apron,
 one boy, one girl.

Oh dear ! I'm in such trouble,—
 Sophia's sick abed,—
 And Rosalind is dreadful cross
 Because she bumped her head—
 Belle's torn her nice new apron—
 The naughty, careless child !

And Rob is so mischievous—
 He nearly sets me wild !
 The baby—too—is teething,
 And so, of course, he cries—
 Dear me ! It's hard to manage
 A family of this size !

DOLLY'S POCKET.

ANNA M. PRATT.

My dolly is so happy,
Her eyes are very bright,
And when there's no one looking
She laughs with all her might.

She's perfeckly ridic'lus,
I'm sure you'd never guess,
It's 'cause I put a pocket
In her pretty gingham dress.

But I've told her that a pocket
Isn't made for peanut shells,
And she mustn't get it sticky
With dates and caramels.

And if she's not partic'lar
To 'member what I say,
She'll find out some bright morning
Her pocket's flown away.

—*For the Companion.*

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR.

MARY A. MASON.

My little neighbor's table's set,
And shyly he comes down the tree,
His feet firm in each tiny fret
The bark has fashioned cunningly.

He pauses on a favorite knot;
Beneath the oak his feast is spread:
He asks no friend to share his lot,
Or dine with him on acorn bread.

He keeps his whiskers trim and neat,
His tail with care he brushes through;
He runs about on all four feet—
When dining he sits up on two.

He has the latest stripe in furs,
And wears them all the year around;
He does not mind the prick of burs
When there are chestnuts to be found.

I watch his home, and guard his store,
A cozy hollow in a tree;
He often sits within his door
And chatters wondrous things to me.

ROVER AND I.

SOME folks think boys are lazy,
And do nothing else but play ;
But mamma can tell them different,
For I help her every day.

I do the errands, get her wood ;
I'm nimble as a mouse.
I was only seven years old last month,
But I'm handy round the house.

And there's my dear old Rover,
They call *him* lazy too ;
But *I* don't call the old chap so,
I tell you, if they do.

You needn't think, from what I've said,
That I don't love to play ;
But Rover and I find lots of time
For work and fun each day.

FICKLE.

J. M. L.

ALL summer the earth-people liked me—
I couldn't come often enough.
They opened their doors and their windows,
And laughed if I was a bit rough.

But now—Oh, they're fickle, these earth-folk!
 No wonder their noses I nip.
 They curtain me out of their windows;
 Their door has a wide weather-strip.
 And if I am sad and, despite them,
 Slip in, to see why they have laughed,
 They say: "I am sure something's open;
 I feel a most *horrible draught*."

FOR THE GIRLS.

TEN that work together
 Whatever the wind or weather;
 One to push and a span to pull,
 Plowing a field of cotton or wool,*
 And the driver is wearing a silver hat—
 What do my girlyies think of that?†

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

J. P. L.

THE scarecrow stood in the strawberry bed,
 Where he'd stood through sun and rain;
 His clothes were all tattered and torn and rent,
 And he looked severely plain.

* Push and pull needle through handkerchief,

† Hold up finger with thimble.

But never a thought did he give to his looks ;
But faithfully day and night
He guarded the bed where the berries lay,
And put all the thieves to flight.

And some who would sneer at his rude attire,
Would better, I'm free to confess,
Like the old scarecrow, give more thought to their
work,
And not so much to their dress.

SUCCESS.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SORROWS sore our little lass
Felt each day in spelling class ;
Never could she go above
Lily, or for gold or love.

Though she studied might and main,
Lily twice as hard again
Studied, and, the lesson said,
Kept her old place at the head.

But one day, at last, she came
Running with her face aflame.
She the Rubicon had passed,
She was at the head at last !

What delight ! what pride ! We said,
“ Are you really at the head ? ”

"Yes, oh yes," she cried in glee,
"Lily stayed at home, you see!"

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

ALICE CARY.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,
Every root of beauty starts ;
So think less about your curls,
More about your minds and hearts.
Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far,
For, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

BOBBY'S TRAIN.

Several chairs with children in them.

Don't you want to come and ride
On my cars with me?
It's the nicest train of cars
Ever you did see.
We're stopping for refreshments,
All along the way,
Little bits of frosted cake,
Grandma said we may.
Then we have such accidents,
Oh, it is such fun?

All the cars are off the track,
Every single one.
Some of us it breaks our arms.
Some it almost kills ;
Then the doctor has to come,
Gives us candy pills.
Here's a ticket for my train,
You can have it free,
Just the nicest kind of cars
Ever you did see !

—*For the Companion.*

WHAT WEATHER WE'LL BUY.

WE don't want a rainy first of May
Like the one we had before,
So Teddy and I are going to-day
To call at the Weather Store.
And we'll ask the clerk who is always there
To show us the very best,
And we'll sort and choose with the greatest care
Before we dare to invest.

We go so early and play so long
When we crown our Queen o' the May,
That we want our weather quite new and strong
And certain to wear all day.
We'd like the kind that is full of sun,
The same as we had last week ;
But if there *are* clouds, why, every one
Must be warranted not to leak !

MY DOLLY HUNG HER STOCKING UP.

Little girl with doll.

My dolly hung her stocking up.
And Santa filled it full ;
There were some nuts and sugar-plums,
And a pretty gown of wool,
The sweetest lace-trimmed handkerchief,
And a painted china set!—
Did your dolly hang her stocking up?
What did your dolly get?

—*From The Companion.*

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

ADA C. H. STODDARD.

“If you could make a wish, my dear,
And make but one,” said I,
“Just one sweet wish, for all the year,
What should it be? now, try.”

She thought a minute, gave a twirl,
Her eyes began to shine ;
“I’d wish that every little girl
Could have a doll, like mine.”

CHRISTMAS WITH TWO MOLLIES.

Mollie Brown Speaks.

Two little girls.

WHAT did I have for Christmas? Oh, some bon-
bonnières and a doll,
A watch, an upright piano, and a point-lace parasol!
But I wanted a grand piano—I don't like the tone
of this,
And I wanted a diamond necklace—wouldn't that
have been bliss!
The bonbons are every one creamy—they know I
don't like that kind,
And the doll isn't anything extra—they said 'twas
the best they could find.
Oh, Christmas is always horrid!— I never get what
I expect,
And then I must wait a year longer, and again have
my hopes all wrecked!

Mollie Smith Speaks.

What did I have for Christmas? Oh, a jew's-harp!
—isn't it sweet?
And this beautiful new china dolly, with dress and
apron complete!
And I had two sticks of candy, lemon and pepper-
mint,
And a splendid long lead-pencil, and a pretty new
dress of print!

Oh, Christmas is always lovely!—I never expect a thing.

And then I get presents and presents, till I feel as rich as a king!

From The Companion.

TWO STOCKINGS.

In her little stocking
 Betty Baby found,
 First a tiny golden ring
 Set with rubies round,
 Then a lovely dolly,
 Beautiful to see,
 Bonbons, cakes and sugar toys,
 Happy Baby she!

In her little stocking
 Polly Baby found.
 First, a stick of candy,
 Then an apple round,
 Then a pair of mittens,
 Fitting perfectly ;
 That was all, but none the less,
 Happy Baby she!

From The Companion.

CHRISTMAS SECRETS.

A. M. PRATT.

You mustn't look in corners,
And you mustn't hear a sound,
Because a flock of secrets
Is flying all around.

They'll perch upon the Christmas-trees
When weary of their flight,
Or they'll build their nests in stockings
In the middle of the night.

But catch them Christmas morning—
For dear old Santa sends
In every one a sweet surprise
To his loving little friends.

A GREETING FROM THE NEW YEAR.

Little boy with big gift-bag.

How do you do, children? How do you do?
I'm The New Year, come to visit you!
I have come to bring you a great many things,
Pains and pleasures, and joys and stings!
For tears are needful, sometimes, they say,
So I packed a few quarts of them snugly away;

But don't be sad, for I've brought you smiles
 In my big, big gift-bag, piles and piles !
 Oh, I'll give you the merriest, jolliest times,
 With stories and riddles and comical rhymes,
 With days fresh and happy, and friends that are
 new,—
 Enough things to last the whole year through.

AT THE DOOR.

“WE will watch the old year out to-night,
 And the new year in !” Ned cried.
 Then three-year-old Baby Winnie
 Crept up to her mother's side,
 And out from under her curly pate,
 Where queer little questions grow,
 Came : “Mamma, how do ve new years come ?
 And where do ve old ones go ?”

And mamma, with a bright smile, told her :
 “ My dear little Winnie-wee,
 That is very hard to answer ;
 You shall watch with us and see ! ”
 And so when night drew the curtains dark
 And sung upon every side,
 Little Win climbed into her high-chair,
 Her blue eyes bright and wide.

But the minutes passed so slowly,
 With so many in an hour,
 That long before it was over
 She felt the Sandman's power ;

And two little fringed white curtains
Were dropping low and lower,
When there came a timid summons
Against the outer door.

She was wide awake that instant,
And gazing all around,
When once again she heard it,
That gentle, asking sound.
Mamma knew 'twas Dog Rollo,
Not so did Baby Win.
"O mamma, hear ve New Year,
A-stratchin' to det in !"

HE COULDN'T.

Our Ted is full of merry fun
As any boy can be ;
Yet, for an errand to be run
Stands always ready, he ;
And when he hears his mother's call,
He does not wait to doubt,
But drops his bat, or book, or ball,
With ne'er a frown or pout.

He really is a model boy
We think, as wouldn't you ?
His father's pride, his mother's joy—
So manly, brave and true ;
For just one little failing, though,
He's chided o'er and o'er :

Come heat or cold, come rain or snow
He never shuts the door!

On New Year's day his mother said,
—A twinkle in her eye :
“ Suppose you turn a new leaf, Ted,
This morning ; won't you try ? ”
Then Teddy laughed a laugh of glee,
And gave his cap a fling :
“ I can't, mamma ; for there will be
No new leaves until spring ! ”

THE NEW YEAR BOOK.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

Child seated with large book and pen.

Now is the time to be glad and bright,
And kind as we can from morn till night ;
Be quick to smile and to frown be slow,
And try to learn what is good to know ;
For O, let us think how the days will look
While we write them down in our New Year Book.

If all would be good and kind and true,
And do the work that is theirs to do,
If from hate and pride our hearts were free
What a glad New Year the world would see !
And then I know we should love to look
On each bright page of the New Year Book.

CRACKED !

TWAS a set of Resolutions,
As fine as fine could be,
And signed in painstaking fashion,
By Nettie and Joe and Bee.
And last in the list was written,
In letters broad and dark
(To look as grand as the others),
“Miss Baby Grace X her mark?”

*“We’ll try all ways to help our mother ;
We won’t be selfish to each other ;
We’ll say kind words to every one ;
We won’t tie Pussy’s feet for fun ;
We won’t be cross and snarly, too ;
And all the good we can we’ll do.”*

“It’s just as easy to keep them,”
The children gayly cried ;
But mamma, with a smile made answer,
“Wait, darlings, till you are tried,”
And truly, the glad, bright New Year
Wasn’t his birthday old—
When three little sorrowful faces
A sorrowful story told.

“And how are *your* resolutions ?”
We asked of the baby Grace,
Who stood with a smile of wonder
On her dear little dimpled face,
Quick came the merry answer
She never an instant lacked—

"I don't fink much of 'em's broken,
But I dess 'em's 'bout all cracked!"

THE NEW YEAR.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

"Now, what is that noise?" said the glad New Year,
"Now, what is that singular sound I hear?
As if all the paper in all the world
Were rattled and shaken and twisted and twirled."

"Oh! that," said the jolly old Earth, "is the noise
Of all my children, both girls and boys,
A-turning over their leaves so new,
And all to do honor, New Year, to you."

(*What the leaves said.*)

I won't steal Alice's sticks of candy;
I won't call Robert a jack-a-dandy;
I won't squeak my pencil on my slate;
I won't lie in bed every day and be late.
I won't make faces at Timothy Mack;
I won't make fun behind any one's back.
Rustle and turn them, so and so!
The good shall come and the bad shall go.

I won't tear "barn doors" in all my frocks;
I won't put my toes through all my socks.
I won't be greedy at dinner table!
At least—I think I won't—if I'm able!

I will not pinch nor poke nor tease,
I will not sputter nor cough nor sneeze,
I will not grumble nor fret nor scold,
And I will do exactly whatever I'm told.

Rustle and turn them, so and so!

The good shall come and the bad shall go.

— *Youth's Companion.*

A RUNAWAY.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

RING the bell up, and ring the bell down;
Let the town-crier go all thro' the town;
Here he goes, there he goes. What does he say?
"Some one is missing—has quite run away!"

"Left us alone in the cold and the snow!
Where has he gone to? Does any one know?"
All the trees shiver and "play" they don't hear.
What *has* become of our runaway year?

"WASHINGTON AND I!"

For February 22d.

A LITTLE street-Arab was Johnny McGee,
Ragged, and friendless, and homeless was he.
But, Johnny, though ragged, was clever and bright,
And he knew the difference between wrong and
right.

Now it happened one morning that Johnny felt gay,
And ready for all kinds of mischief and play;
His little strong arms went to tossing up stones,
Regardless of danger to heads and to bones.

But alas for poor Johnny, for what do you think!
It happened that one stone, as quick as a wink,
Went whack 'gainst the window of Squire B——'s
house,

And poor frightened Johnny wished he were a
mouse,

To be able to hide in the first hole he found,
And keep himself hidden away under ground.
For the beautiful window was cracked right in two,
And John, if discovered, would suffer, he knew.

But hark! he hears music away down the street!
He knows they are soldiers, he hears the drums
beat!

And Johnny remembers whose birthday it is,
And a sudden resolve lights his pale little phiz.
"They say Mr. Washington ne'er told a lie
When he was a little chap, neither will I!
And maybe some day, when I'm grown up and dead,
Folks will build a big monument over my head!"

Only just a few moments of mute hesitation,
Then, feeling as grand as the "Head of the Nation,"
In walked little Johnny straight up to the squire,
And while he was speaking his courage rose higher,
And presently, when he was back in the street,
Speeding after the soldiers with fast, eager feet,
"Hurrah!" he cried, gayly, "for Washington—and I,
For we are the chaps as would not tell a lie!"

JOHNNY SPEAKS HIS PIECE.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

“HE went to the war with a General’s hat
And feathers and sword—I should like to do that.
He fought and he fought till the enemy ran—
That’s how I shall do it when I am a man.

“THE people all shouted the hero to see—
I hope they’ll hurrah when they come to see me.
They made him a President, too. If I can
I’m going to be President when I’m a man.

“BUT perhaps I had better be thinking of how
I may be a little like Washington now,
For they say that his being a hero began
A very long time before he was a man.

“HE learned very early to tell what was true,
An excellent thing for a hero to do.
For every small boy it would be a good plan
To learn the same lesson before he’s a man.

“HOW many more things it would tire me to tell
We all must be learning and learning them well,
Before we can fancy, in pride and in joy,
We are like the great Hero when he was a boy.”

—*From the Companion.*

JOHN HENRY JONES.

I THINK I'll be like Washington,
As dignified and wise;
Folks always say a boy can be
A great man if he tries.

And then, perhaps, when I am old,
People will celebrate
The birthday of John Henry Jones,
And I shall live in state.

John Henry Jones is me, you know,—
Oh, 'twill be jolly fun
To have my birthday set apart,
Like that of Washington!

—*From the Companion.*

TOO BAD!

E. S. B.

A SMALL, discouraged Washington
Stood in the cherry row;
He hacked away with might and main,
But scarce a mark would show.

"I've got the hatchet and the name,"
Quoth Georgie, with a frown,
"But this old tree's so big and tough,
I cannot cut it down!"

OURS.

NAPOLEON was great, I know,
And Julius Cæsar, and all the rest;
But they didn't belong to us, and so
I like George Washington the best.

VALENTINE DAY.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

OH, who could have sent it? See
What the post-man brought for me!

Here my name is on it : "Rose."
Here are hearts and boys with bows.

Here are flowers so bright and tall;
And the verse is best of all:

"From your own true love," it goes:
My true love? Ah, now, who knows?

Can you tell? Well, I have guessed:
Mama loves me just the best!

NED'S CHOICE.

I PURCHASED a valentine dainty
With flowers and perfume and lace,
For our three-year-old pet, little Ned, to send
To his three-year-old neighbor Grace.

Its verses were loving and tender,
Saying, "Dearest, will you be mine?"
And I said: "Little Ned, how sweet it will be
To have Grace for your valentine!"

He fingered the beautiful missive,
While a smile fluttered over his face;
And he said: "I think I will keep it myself,—
I would rather have *this* than Grace!"

FREDDY'S VALENTINES.

THERE were 'leven or eight,
If I counted 'em straight,
As lovely as ever you'll see;
With posies and vines
And mottoes and lines
All printed on purpose for me.

But the one mamma made,
Put the rest in the shade,

When the table for dinner was set;
 For a cranberry tart
 In the shape of a heart
 Is the jolliest valentine yet.

—*From The Companion.*

THANKSGIVING DAY.

KITTY'S LESSON.

Little girl seated in chair, feet on stool,—ribbon on kitten's neck.

Now kitten-cat daisy, just hear me,
 And 'tend to each word that I say;
 And don't frisk around so 'bout nothing:
 To-morrow'll be Thanksgiving Day.
 And if you don't chew up your ribbon,
 Nor dabble it round in the snow,
 But behave all the time just as pretty,
 You'll have something splendid, you know.

I s'pose you don't know 'bout Thanksgiving
 'Cause you haven't had one before,—
 I'll tell you: there'll be a big turkey,
 And pie made of chickens and more.
 And puddings all full of sweet raisins,
 And jelly and jam—such a treat!
 And if you're a good kitten, Daisy,
 You'll get a nice plateful to eat!

There's another thing, Daisy, I'll tell you,
Aunt Mary is coming to-day,
To show us a sweet, darling boy,
That's named just like me, Allie May.
And if she should happen to squeeze you,
Or pull your long tail the least mite,
You are not to scratch her nor bite her,
For that wouldn't be just polite.

We must do all we can that'll please her,
She being our company so ;
Besides, such a new little baby
Ain't had time to learn better, you know.
So if she does tease you, dear Daisy,
Though of course I don't say it is right,
Please just get away from her easy,
Not scratching the least little mite.

LITTLE PAUL'S THANKSGIVING.

EMMA C. DOWD.

THEY tossed him and they squeezed him,
And they kissed him, one and all ;
They said, " You blessed, blessed boy ! "
And, " Darling little Paul ! "

But they didn't give him turkey,
Nor any pumpkin pie, .

And when the nuts and grapes went round
They slyly passed him by.

But he didn't seem to mind it,
For in the sweetest way
He sat and sucked his little thumb,
His first Thanksgiving Day.

CAT'S CRADLE.

For two little girls.

Two little hands and a piece of string;
Twist it and turn it while mother will sing.
Here is a cradle for kitties to rock; [1]
But it's time for the breakfast bell, look at the clock.
Twist it again, and the table is spread. [2]
Now, little kitties, jump out of your bed!

Come to the table and sit up like men.
But see, a new twist, table's vanished again.
Now it's a line for the washing to dry. [3]
Lift up your hands, so the clothes will hang high;
Bring out the clothes-pins and fasten them neatly.
Never did wash-women look half so sweetly.

After such hard work a frolic is earned.
See what will come when the string's again turned!
"Puss in the corner," with goals all complete; [4]
For five little pussies, each eager to beat.

But even "Cat's Cradle" gets tiresome at last;
 Abed for the pussies for play-time is past. [5]

[1]—Show cradle.

[2]—Show table.

[3]—Show line.

[4]—Show goals.

[5]—Form cradle again.

THE REASON WHY.

J. M. L.

"WE learn it all in hist'ry. You didn't think I knew?"

Why don't you s'pose I study my lessons? *Course* I do.

The Pilgrim Fathers did it; they made Thanks-giving Day.

Why? Oh, I don't remember; my history doesn't say.

Or p'r'aps I wasn't listening when she was telling why;

But if the Pilgrim Mothers were so busy making pie,

I s'pose they couldn't bother, and so that was the way

It happened that the *Fathers* made our Thanks-giving Day."

TOMMY'S THANKSGIVING TROUBLE.

THERE'S going to be turkey and duck and ham,
And salad and ice-cream and pudding and jam,
And oysters and tarts and chicken pie,
And custards with frosting piled up high!

Oh dear!—how I wish I was big as a man!
For I want to eat just all that I can,
And to think of those tarts and custards and all,
And I —oh dear, I'm so dreadfully small!

THE MAGIC VINE.

A FAIRY seed I planted,
So dry and white and old;
There sprang a vine enchanted
With magic flowers of gold.

I watched it, I tended it,
And, truly, by and by
It bore a Jack-o-lantern
And a great Thanksgiving pie!

A LESSON SONG.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

Class of little ones, each holding small roll of paper.

1.

ORANGES and apples,
And baby's ball are round.
And my pretty picture-book,
That is square, I've found.
And an egg is oval,
And the corners all,
When you take them by themselves,
Triangles they call.

2.

I am perpendicular
When I stand up straight.
I am horizontal
When in bed I wait.
And from sitting quite erect
If I chance to swerve,
Then my rounded shoulders make
What is called a curve.

3.

See! a sheet of paper [1]
I roll together neat.

Straight and smooth, and then I have
A cylinder complete.
But if thus I widen out [2]
Either end alone,
Look! it makes a different thing
That is called a cone.

4.

Points there are, a many,
On my pencil one,
Two on mother's scissors,
Five a star has on.
And our doggie has one
Right upon his nose.
And my dancing-master says
"Children, point your toes!" [3]

5.

Oh! the world of wonders
Is so very full.
How can little children learn
Half enough in school?
We must look about us
Everywhere we go.
Keep our eyes awake and wise
There's such a lot to know.

—*From Youth's Companion.*

[1]—Hold up roll of paper.

[2]—Pull out end.

[3]—Raise dress daintily with both hands and "point toes."

A SUN-FLOWER SONG.

EDNA M. GUNNISON-HAWLEY.

FOR A SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

Each little boy wears sunflower. If cannot be obtained make center of brown velvet, or cloth,—outside of yellow felt or paper.

All.

OLD King Cole was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old fellow was he;
But he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

First Boy.

Our Sun-flower King is a merry old thing
O, a jolly old fellow is he!
But he never smokes, though he often jokes
With a little *son*-flower like me.

Second Boy.

The jolly old soul never calls for his bowl,
For Adam's ale drinks he;
That's why I think that water is the drink
For a little *son*-flower like me!

Third Boy.

A grasshopper thin, plays the first violin, [1]
For a lover of music is he;
So a fife and a drum, I think become
A little *son*-flower like me!

Fourth Boy.

King Sun-flower bold will never grow old,
 For a sunshiny heart has he ;
 And that's why a smile is worn all the while
 By a little *son*-flower like me.

All.

King Sun-flower's crown shall never go down ;
 His subjects true are we.
 And we'll all wear the yellow for the jolly old
 fellow,
 And brave little *son*-flowers be.

That's why we appear in our emblems dear,
 So all our friends can see
 That we are the ones to prove that the *sons*
 Are the flowers of the family !

[1]—Carries fife and drum.

HARRY'S LECTURE.

[Dialogue for little boy with long coat and spectacles, little girl with long dress and fan, and a red bump painted on her forehead, and smaller boy.]

Bessie.

Here's Professor Harry, who will judge our minds,
 Thoughts, and daily habits, by the " bumps " he finds.

Harry.

Gentlemen and ladies, this I'll try to do.

If you please, Miss Bessie, we'll begin with you.

(Places her in small chair, and examines head while talking.)

First, her bump for dollies,—

Large, you'll all agree ;

Then her go to school bump,—

Only fair, you see ;

Next, for dogs and kitties,—

That was never small ;

But her washing dishes bump

I cannot find at all !

Here's her bump for candy,—

(Touching the spot on her forehead.)

Biggest on her head ;

'Cause it thinks so often

Makes it rather red.

Bessie (pushing back her chair).

Now for once, Professor,

You're mistaken, quite.

That's my tumble-down bump—

Mind you touch it light !

Harry.

Come here, little Hop o' my Thumb,

Let me tell the bumps on your head.

We'll see if a president you'll become,

Or a lobster-man instead.

Heigho ! Shall I ever find one,

Down here among the curls ?

The curliest curls!—they remind one,
For all the world, of a girl's.

Yes, here's one peeping from under,
And there's another one yet.
The wee, *wee* bump is *Remember*;
The big one's the bump of *Forget*.

Oh, bless me! this head *is* a boy's,
Hide it in curls, if you will.
For I've found such a big bump of *Noise*,
But where *is* the bump of *Still*?

And I *think* he will be president—
At any rate, he'll be a *man*.
See! there's never a bit of bump *Cannot*,
But a generous bump of *Can*.

But look here, little Hop o' my Thumb,
Here's a bump as big as two;
And I'm all at sea to name it—
Bless me! it's black and blue!

“Oh, *that* one? I know it, Professor,
That's the kind I make,—
I bumped it myself on the hammer;
I guess you can name it *Ache*.”

—*From the Companion.*

THE NEW CALENDAR.

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

For twelve little ones (each wearing scarf to match costume, with initials across breast) and larger girl.

COSTUMES.

(Use tissue paper for dresses, etc.)

JAN. (little boy).—Cap and long coat trimmed with ermine. (cotton.)

FEB. (little boy).—Knee pants and tight fitting waist of flesh-color—bow and quiver of arrows—small wings.

MAR. (little boy).—Fasten skirts, wired to stand out straight, to coat—small scarf, wired to look as if in strong wind.

APR. (little girl).—Delicate green dress, light wreath of green leaves—wand of pussy-willow.

MAY—(little girl).—Delicate green dress trimmed with delicate spring flowers—wreath of same.

JUNE—(little girl).—Pink dress—wreath of roses.

JULY—(little boy).—Uncle Sam costume.

AUG.—(little girl).—Old gold dress, wand of golden-rod, wreath of poppies.

SEPT.—(little girl).—Red dress—wreath of asters—small bundle of grain—cornucopia of fruit.

OCT.—Little boy in red and yellow—basket of nuts and autumn leaves.

Nov.—Little girl in gray—gray drapery over head touched lightly with silver glitter, representing frost.

DEC.—Little girl in white with silver glitter—star on forehead.

JAN.

Here I come to puzzle you!

Do you think you know me? Then

Just read to me the riddle

Of little J-A-N.

LARGER GIRL.

I think you are a stranger
From the court of the New Year :
But I can read your riddle
With a, January—dear.

FEB.

I'm a favorite with people :
They usually agree
That there is something sweet about
A little F-E-B.

LARGER GIRL.

Oh yes! we gladly greet you,
Cupid's messenger so merry,
And hope he sends a valentine
By little February.

MAR.

Jimminy quick! they blow me tight!
They blow me near and far!
The winds are always *dreadful* rough
With little M-A-R.

LARGER GIRL.

Well! well! this *is* a stiff breeze!
You won't need any starch!
But you're a little soldier brave,
Forever on the March.

APR. (*crying.*)

I'm 'shamed to come a crying,—
I'd rather laugh, by far ;

But it is always smiles or tears
With little A-P-R.

LARGER GIRL.

These are not "idle tears," dear child ;
These gentle drops have power
To touch the heart of Mother Earth,
And call to life the flowers,—
And grass shall grow, and grain shall wave,
And bless the April showers.

MAY.

For me, there is no mystery,—
No riddle to be read ;
My name's so short, tis easier
To just say "May," instead.

LARGER GIRL.

And when we hear it, little one,
Soft breezes seem to blow
From forests, dressed in tender green,
Where all the wild flowers grow.

JUN.

My praises have been sounded
By many a lip and pen ;
But don't look for perfection,
Even in J-U-N.

LARGER GIRL.

I know you by your roses,
Their perfume, and their bloom ;

All Earth is *near* perfection
While you are green, sweet June.

JUL.

I'm a celebrated personage!
Run the flag up! Ring the bell!
Fling up your caps, and all hurrah
For little J-U-L.

LARGER GIRL.

Yes, we love you, little hot head,
Love your warmth, and courage high;
We love your independent ways,
And hurrah for July! (*all hurrah.*)

AUG. (*enters sleepily.*)

Were you making all that noise to wake
A lazy girl, like me?
Such a terrible exertion!
How tired you must be!
Sit in the shade, and rest yourself,
Like little A-U-G.
[*Reclines in chair—closes eyes—sleeps.*]

LARGER GIRL.

There is growth and strength in slumber;
Slumber sweet, and slumber long;
The golden grain crowns August
As a worker, still and strong.

SEP.

These children have been treasuring
Their richest gifts for me;

'Twas busy work to gather them,
For little S-E-P.

LARGER GIRL.

You come with generous word, and gift;
So may we all remember
That we shall gather what was sown,
When comes the sweet September.

OCT.

I have a jolly riddle
With an O, and C and T;
I'll pinch your ears, and nip your nose,
If you can't read it for me.

LARGER GIRL.

You *might* be taken for Jack Frost,
Your manners are so cutting;
But you have only hired him
To help you with the nutting.
He opens all the prickly burrs,
And sets the leaves ablaze;
And so I read the riddle of
These crisp October days.

NOV.

They say I'm cold, and bleak, and gray
And dismal as can be;
That winds go whistling out of tune,
In dreary N-O-V.

LARGER GIRL.

But your cool touch, on fevered brow,
 We lovingly remember ;
 And warmest prayers of thankfulness
 Are breathed in bleak November.

DEC.

Oh ! beautiful, glad tidings
 Of great joy, I bring to thee !
 The highest, holiest gift of all,
 Is given to D-E-C. (*Play soft prelude.*)

LARGER GIRL.

Oh listen ! listen, little ones !
 For voices, sweet and tender,
 Will tell us of that greatest gift
 God gave us, in December.

Unseen choir sings Christmas Anthem—children in listening attitudes—August rouses and listens with rest—pass off stage during Anthem—stepping in time if possible.

A NOCTURNE.

For five little boys and four little girls. Form two slanting lines, converging toward back of platform. Last little boy, at back, carries small banner with "Frogs" printed upon it—last little girl, banner with, "Birds." *Squat* upon platform. Each frog has singing-book. Fifth little boy stands toward back in front of frogs beating time. He stands in toad-stool made of white paper. Frogs sing in loud, boisterous manner.

Birds.

MOONLIGHT glints among the grasses,
Shadows softly creep;
Elfin music sweeps and passes
Gently whispering sleep.

Frogs.

Moonlight dances, night rejoices,
Elfs their gladness bring—
Music pipes, our answering voices
Joyfully shall sing.

Birds.

Silence sweet should now be reigning.
Night her vigils keep!
Neighbors dear, we're not complaining,
But—do go to sleep.

Frogs.

Night is lovely, we'll be merry
Till its shades take wing.—
We are sorry,—very—very!
But—we've got to sing.

Birds.

Oh, so sleepy—where's my wing,—[1]
Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!

Frogs.

Hear our voices—glad and deep—
Sing! Sing! Sing!

— *Youth's Companion.*

[1] Turn heads toward shoulder away from audience.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.

Come on stage singly.

[Bell.—Girl in wire frame, or hoop-skirt covered with gold paper.]

You need no introduction
To one you know so well;
Of strength and compass of my voice
I do not need to tell;
And all good little girls and boys,
Just love the sweet school bell!—(Courtesy.)

[Dictionary.—Boy in pasteboard book with "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary" printed on it.]

I'm Noah Webster, unabridged,—
The very last edition;
I'm portable, and leather bound;
And all in good condition.

[Switches.—Boy 'with belt stuck full of long switches.]

I'm much abused and badly used,—
A bunch of school-room switches;
And when the little boys are bad
I dust their coats and breeches.

[Pail.—Boy in pail.]

I have been kept a prisoner
Until I am quite *pale*:
And it is most unlawful, when
I have sufficient *bail*.

[Cup.—Girl in cup, covered with silver paper.]

I and my *pale* companion
Have worse than prison diet;
Nothing but water, without bread;
How would *you* like to try it?

[Crayon.—Boy in pasteboard cylinder covered with bleached muslin drawn in at neck.]

I'm *great* grandfather of Crayons.
My progeny, though small,
Are lightning calculators,
Or artists one and all.

[Globe.—Boy in globe.]

My parents were ambitious,—
They wanted the whole earth:
And so they celebrate the day
Terrestrial globe had birth.

[Eraser.—Boy, in pasteboard case bent in shape of eraser,—red and blue stripes on front.]

I am the school-room dandy,—
A bold and gay eraser.

When I see a pretty *figure*
You ought to see me chase her.

[Ink Bottle.—Boy in representation of ink bottle, labeled, Sanford's Black Ink.]

I am a sample bottle
Of Sanford's best black ink.
I keep my *own* opinions dark,
But tell just what *you* think.

[Hook.—Boy, with large two-pronged hook protruding from hat crown].

From my high place, in the entry,
I catch a glimpse of bliss:
The master's hat hangs on *this* horn,—[1]
This school ma'am's hat on *this*. [*Winks*. 2]

[All. You've heard our various statements;
We hope you will not doubt us.
Though hardly used and much abused
You can't keep school without us.

[*All bow.*]

- [1] Touch right hook.
[2] Touch left hook.

CALISTHENIC SONG.

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

- [1] WISE ones can you tell us? Do you know,
know, know.
[2] How the little children thrive and grow, grow,
grow?

94 CASTLE'S SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS.

[3] Why, we keep a moving, don't you see, see,
see?

[1] Motion sets the life blood flowing free, free,
free!

[4] Don't you hear our feet all going pat, pit, pat?

[5] Eyes a shining, cheeks a glowing, rat, tat, tat.

[6] Hear our happy hands a going clap, clap, clap;

[7] Every little finger full of snap, snap, snap.

[1] So we grow and flourish, don't you see, see,
see?

[2] Motion sets the life blood flowing free, free,
free!

[1] With hands open swing arms backward and forward.

[2] Same as 1, but meeting hands back and front with clap.

[3] Hands meeting above head with clap.

[4] Bring heels down lightly.

[5] Bring heels down with a, rat, tat, tat!

[6] Clap hands in front.

[7] Snap fingers.

ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH.

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

HERE we go round the mulberry bush,

[1] The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush;
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we wash our face,

[2] Wash our face, wash our face;

This is the way we wash our face,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we brush our hair;
[3] Brush our hair, brush our hair;
This is the way we brush our hair,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we clean our boots,
[4] Clean our boots, clean our boots;
This is the way we clean our boots,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we scrub the floor,
[5] Scrub the floor, scrub the floor;
This is the way we scrub the floor,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we skip to school,
[6] We skip to school, skip to school;
This is the way we skip to school,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we go to sleep,
[7] We go to sleep, go to sleep,
This is the way we go to sleep,
On a cold and frosty morning.

- [1] Four little girls join hands,—go round in circle.]
[2] Wash faces.
[3] Brush hair.
[4] Wipe shoes,—as if on grass.
[5] Pretend to scrub,—might use erasers for brushes.
[6] Wrap arms and skip, two and two.
[7] Put palms together, lay back of left hand on left shoulder,
left cheek on back of right hand,—close eyes.

ILLUSTRATED ALPHABET.

For class or single pupil, as preferred. Let pupil make letter and picture and recite line.

- A is an angle, obtuse and acute.
B is a basket, to pile full of fruit.
C is a candle, to cheer with its light.
D is a daisy, so pretty and white.
E is an egg, for dear mama to cook.
F is for fishes, that swim in the brook.
G is for gospel,—the best book of all.
H is a hat, to hang up in the hall.
I is an ink-stand, to use when you write.
J is for Jupiter big, and so bright.
K is for king,—and this is his crown.
L is a ladder, to climb up and down.
M is for music, to sing and to play.
N is for nuts, to crack, crack away.
O is an orange, so juicy and sweet.
P is a plate, full of good things to eat.
Q is a quadrant: please cut pie like that.
R is a rhomboid, four-sided and flat.
S is for specs, to help grandmother see.
T is a teacup, for grandmother's tea.
U an urn, for the coffee, I suppose.
V is a vane, to show which way it blows.
W for waved lines: I can't make them good.
X is a saw-horse, to hold up the wood.
Y is for yew, an evergreen tree.
Z is for zone: there are five, as you see.

This might also be used for busy work. Place several pictures and lines on board each day. Let pupils copy and recite in concert. When finished recite entire piece.

A SUDDEN CURE.

Dialogue for two little girls.

May.—Oh, dear! isn't it lonesome without mama?

Lou.—Yes. I don't see what Aunt Mary had to get sick for. I think she's real mean.

May.—Why, Lou Spencer! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, after all that candy she sent us? She can't help being sick! Don't s'pose she enjoys it very well.

Lou.—Maybe she does. Mrs. Smith says (*Folds hands, closes eyes, and draws down face*) she enjoys very poor health.

May.—Let's play something to pass away the time.

Lou.—Well, what shall we play?

May.—Let's play we were big women, and you were very sick.

Lou.—Oh, I don't want to go to bed! It's too hot!

May.—Well, play you were just a *little* sick, then. Play you had the toothache.

Lou.—Well, all right. 'Tisn't much fun to really have it, though.

May.—Here, you put on one of mama's big aprons, and I will, too. (*They tie on aprons.*) Now, sit down in this big chair. (*Lou sits down, holds face, sways back and forth, groans.*)

May.—Dear Mrs. Smith, I'm sorry you feel so bad! Can't I do something for you? Let me tie

your face up and keep it warm. (*Ties handkerchief; Lou still groans.*) Perhaps a hot application would relieve you. (*Goes out, returns, puts application to Lou's face.*)

Lou (jumping).—Oh, that's hot!

May.—I didn't mean to! But you know they always *do* have it awful hot. Oh, say! play I was a doctor and came to see you.

Lou.—Why, you aren't a man!

May.—Well, just play I was a man. (*May runs out, Lou sways and groans during absence; a knock.*)

Lou.—Come in. (*Enter May, wearing coat and hat; carries cane.*)

May.—Are you the lady that's in the last stages of the toothache?

Lou.—Yes, sir. Oh, dear! I can't stand it much longer! Don't you think it ought to be distracted?

May (pompously).—Ahem! Let me examine the case, madam. (*Examines tooth.*) Ahem! It won't be necessary to distract it just yet. Apply these glasses to your eyes for a short time, and the pain will disappear. (*Puts specs on Lou.*)

Lou.—Why, my eyes don't ache!

May.—Ahem! It's an *eye-tooth*, madam.

Lou.—Oh! (*Loud cackling outside.*) That's old Speckle! I'll get the egg first! (*Runs out.*)

May.—Wait! Wait! (*Runs after.*)

“REST’RANT.—FRESH MUD PIES.”

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

Little boy in white apron.

COME right in, and see our rest’rant!

We are baking pies to-day.

“You *must* have one for dinner, they

Look so *nice*!” did you say?

This crust seems kind of breaky,—

That’s ’cause it is so rich;

Mama’s crust is always flaky.

Mince or apple, which?

They’re fresh, as you can see, ma’am,

And just set out to cool;

My wife is busy tending to

Another oven full.

“We need a big Dutch oven?”

No siree! not much!

We’ve built a fine brick oven

That, *we* think, “beats the Dutch.”

Here’s your pie, all wrapped up nicely,

It’s just ten cents to pay:

Thank you,—the change precisely;

Call again, some other day.

OUR HOLIDAYS.

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

Characters and costumes.

[1] New Year.—Close-fitting knee-pants and waist of flesh color. Small wings on shoulders. Flesh-colored hose.

[2] St. Valentine's Day.—Postman in uniform, with bulging pack.

[3] Washington's Birthday.—George Washington costume. Carry medium-sized flag draped to staff,—hold drapery in place with hand.

[4] April Fool's Day.—Boy dressed in gay large figured calico,—full pants gathered at ankle. Dunce cap.

[5] Easter.—Girl in white. Light wreath of lilies of the valley. Bouquet of larger lilies.

[6] Arbor Day.—Boy with spade.

[7] May Day.—Girl carrying May pole. A small hoop of flowers near top of pole. Cluster of ribbon, on top of pole, with ribbon streamers falling over and from pole. These may be made of tissue paper.

[8] Memorial Day.—Girl with evergreen wreath, and flowers.

[9] Fourth of July.—Boy with drum.

[10] Labor Day.—Boy, in laborer's dress. Sleeves rolled up.

[11] Thanksgiving.—Boy, carrying Jack-o'-lantern. Let drapery fall from under pumpkin, covering upper part of person.

[12] Christmas.—Santa Claus, very fleshy, long white hair and beard, fur cap, fur, or fur-trimmed coat, powdered with bits and scraps of cotton or silver glitter. Plump pack on back.

New Year.

ON the thirty-first of December,
 Just as the clock strikes twelve,
 I come from the misty future,
 Where I was wont to dwell:
 Just as the stroke of midnight
 Is chiming, sweet and clear,

The bells ring out and the people shout,
 "I wish you a happy New Year!"

St. Valentine's Day.

I'm a busy little postman,
 In the month of February ;
 On the fourteenth day, especially,
 I'm *very* busy,—*very* !
 But I love to hear the children ask,
 While bright eyes dance and shine,
 Oh! busy little postman,
 Did you bring a Valentine ?

[Hold up Valentine.]

Washington's Birthday.

Never forget the birthdays,
 That come to us year by year,
 Show, by some loving token,
 You cherish and hold them dear.
 Remember father and mother,
 Grandpa and grandma, too ;
 Remember sister and brother,—
 And, whatever else you do,
 Remember February twenty-second
 Seventeen hundred and thirty-two,—
 The day our Washington was born,—
 So good, and brave and true.

April Fool's Day.

Good folks, you see before you
 A little April Fool :
 And I try to make another one
 Of every child in school.

The teacher doesn't seem to think
 I ought to mind the rule
 She laughs, and says, "Don't fool me so!
 You little April Fool."

[Holds out pants at sides with fingers and thumbs and capers
 to back of stage.]

Easter.

The lilies watched by the Saviour's tomb,
 Silent and red, in the garden gloom.
 Wet with tears was each velvet leaf,
 Grown wan with watching, and white with grief.
 In the deeper darkness, before the day,
 Came the angel,—rolling the stone away
 From the sad sealed sepulcher,—shedding a glow
 Of radiant light, where the lilies grow.
 The mystery sweet will never be told
 That the lilies hold,
 In their hearts of gold:
 Just how He wakened, and rose to greet
 New life, in the garden, dewy and sweet;
 Pausing, perhaps, to tenderly listen
 While lily bells rang, "He is risen! is risen!"

Arbor Day.

Oh! come with me to the forest,
 Where the young trees stand so straight
 And thick, they will grow the better,
 No matter how many we take.
 We will name our trees, as we plant them,
 For those who are good, or great,
 Till, all through the land,
 Young trees shall stand,

Growing so stout and straight,—
 And their leaves shall whisper of noble deeds
 For us to emulate.

May Day.

Come plant the May pole, on the green,
 My merry lads and lasses,
 And choose the fairest maiden queen.
 How fresh and green the grass is,—
 How balmy all the breezes are
 That kiss the flowers, to-day,—
 And gather fragrance, from their breath,
 To greet the first of May.

Memorial Day.

Beautiful May! beautiful May!
 Give me your beautiful flowers, I pray!
 The fairest and last of your flowers, to lay
 On the graves of our heroes,—beautiful May.
 The last and the best
 Of your flowers shall rest
 On the graves of some one,
 That some one loved best.

Fourth of July.

[Crackers behind scenes. Come on stage beating drum.]

Don't you hear my crackers going
 Pop! pop! pop! pop! pop!
 Don't you hear my drum a beating?—
 Don't you wish 'twould stop?
 Do you ask "why all this rackit?"
 I can tell you why,—

'Cause I feel so free and happy!

I'm the Fourth of July!

[March to back of stage beating drum.]

Labor Day.

I'm a jolly little laboring man

Out for a holiday.

My spades and plows, and other tools

Are nicely put away.

I love these other holidays,

[Motion toward them.]

That make so fine a showing,

For 'tis we jolly laboring men

[Pat breast.]

That keep them all a going.

Thanksgiving.

I'm rather a light-headed pilgrim,

Perhaps you will some of you say,—

But the soberest son of New England,

Will hail me, on Thanksgiving day.

And that is the reason I'm smiling,

With such a glad light in my eyes,

To think how they welcome Thanksgiving

And good, golden brown pumpkin pies.

Christmas.

[Jingling of fine bells and stamping of small hoofs behind scenes.]

Do you hear those reindeers stamping?

The frisky little scamps!

Maybe they won't feel so antic,

By the time we're through our tramp.

We've several million stockings

To fill, up to the top,

And loads, and loads of other things
 To leave before we stop.
 We go home tired, but happy,—
Jolly happy, just because
 You folks love Merry Christmas time
 And jolly Santa Claus.

[Pupils come to front of stage, recite, and take places at back of stage as in diagram. Play march after last recitation. Pupils come to front of stage by twos, New Year and Valentine leading, others meeting at back of stage and following. Turn to right and left, singly, and march to back of stage in half circle. Meet at back of stage and advance to front by fours. Turn to right and left by twos, and march to back of stage. Advance to front of stage by twos. All turn to right singly, and march in circle, etc. Books containing marching drills can be had of any publisher or bookseller. During march let Washington raise and unfurl the flag, Arbor Day hold handle of spade in hand, resting spade against shoulder, April Fool caper, etc.]

	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
Christmas.	Labor Day.	Memorial.	Arbor Day.	Washington.	Valentine.	New Year.	April Fool.	Easter.	May Day.	Fourth.	Thanksgiving.	

WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

[Let the person reciting stand in front of curtain, at one side.]

RECITE.

A rocking horse, and a top that would hum,
A horn that would toot, and a noisy drum,
Candy and nuts, and a gay soldier boy
Old Santa Claus brought to little Roy.

“Hooray for Santa, hooray!” said Roy,

“He knows what will tickle a boy!”

[Raise curtain on tableau of “little Roy” on rocking-horse, blowing horn,—drum on horse in front of him. Curtain.]

RECITE.

A dainty new sleigh and a harness small
A wee Shetland pony, the cutest of all,
And toys, and finest confectionery
Old Santa Claus brought to Reginald Lee.

“Old Santa’s as mean as he can be!

I wanted a *big* horse!” said he.

[Tableau.—Sulky boy in “dainty sleigh,” with toys, etc. about him. Curtain.]

RECITE.

A pair of red mittens, a gingerbread bear,
A fat doughnut boy with a funny stare,
Two rosy apples and six sticks of candy
Santa brought cheery-voiced, sunny-faced Andy.

“Now isn't Santa Claus good!” said he,
Contented and pleased as could be.

[Tableau.—“Sunny-faced Andy” holding up hands incased in red mittens. He then holds up “gingerbread bear, dough-nut boy,” apples and candy. Eats bear. Curtain.]

RECITE.

From a stocking, that surely was Santa's own size,
Peeped a fat little pug, looking cunning and wise.
“Whoopee! he's so fat, I'll call my pup Santa.
Here, send back his sock, with my very best thankee.
Oh, mama, do see his cunning black head!
Oh! ain't he a dandy?” said Ted.

[Tableau.—Mama in rocking-chair. Ted with pug in stocking. Pulls off stocking and hands it to mama. Holds up pug for mama to see. Curtain.]

RECITE.

A beautiful doll, that could cry, and speak,
And shut up her eyes when she went to sleep,—
With her stylish wardrobe, so fine and gay,
Old Santa Claus brought to Dorothy Day.
“I wrote to Santa, last night,” said she,
“I was spectin' her some, you see.”

[Tableau.—Little girl in night-gown and cap, with beautiful large doll. Curtain.]

RECITE.

A queer baby dolly, without any hair,
Old Santa Claus brought to Laura Le Claire.
It could *always* cry, but, wasn't it queer?
It didn't say, “Mama,” for nearly a year.

“Oh, what a darling brother it is!”
Said Laura, with rapturous kiss.

[Tableau.—Little girl with “darling brother” in baby carriage. Curtain.]

RECITE.

Santa brought Mabel a chain of gold,
More candies and nuts than her hands could hold,
A piano, as sweet as her mama's own,
And a diamond ring, that sparkled and shone.
“Too many things for one girl,” said she,
“I will share them with Biddy McGee.”

[Tableau.—Mabel “sharing” with Biddy McGee. Curtain.]

RECITE.

A cupboard, with dishes in orderly row,—
Old Santa Claus brought to Margery Snow,
And what should she see, on the shelf below,
But a plump little quail, with dressing and all,
“Like grandmother's turkey when it was small,”
And cookies, and doughnuts, and Christmas pies,
All of the cunningest Tom Thumb size.
“I'll 'vite Cousin Ruth and some friends,” said
she,
“To take Christmas dinner with me.”

[Tableau.—Margery, Ruth, and their children and “friends” at Christmas dinner. Let dolls represent the children, and a cat and dog the “friends.” Use toys if live “friends” will not behave. Make it look as cute as possible.]

SHADOW PANTOMIMES.**THE GREEDY BOY.**

STRETCH white curtain across front of stage smoothly and firmly. Lower lights in room and have strong light at back of stage. Set table at front of stage. Father at one end of table, boy at other, mother in center. Have table long enough so that shadows will not interfere. Mother serves tea. Father waits on table. Boy eats greedily and passes plates frequently for more. At last mother holds up hands in astonishment, father shakes head, boy rubs eyes with knuckles as if crying. Father motions toward left of stage. Boy arises and passes off at left, still crying. Father and mother arise and pass off at right. Boy comes on at left, tiptoeing, fills pockets from plate on table, goes out at left eating. Enter mother at right, clears and pushes aside table, goes off at right. Re-enter mother, takes seat in rocking-chair, sews. Boy comes on at left, doubled over, both hands on stomach. Mother takes him on lap, rubs stomach, lays him across knees and trots. Little girl comes on at left. Mother motions toward left. Girl runs out at left. Enter doctor at left followed by little girl. Have a cardboard sign and cut out from it the letters of the name, "Dr. Bitter-dose." (This will show light letters on a dark ground.) Or use the name of the leading physician in your vicinity. Fasten rings to top of cardboard, run wire through rings, stretch wire across top of white curtain, on inside. Pull sign toward right by

means of thread, or fine wire, so that the name will travel above doctor's head as he comes on. Doctor examines patient, little girl brings spoon, doctor fills it from bottle, tries to give to boy, boy kicks, mother holds his nose. Curtain.

A MIDNIGHT MURDER.

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

ENTER husband and wife at right, husband in night-shirt, and cap with tassel, carrying poker. Wife in night-dress, and cap with wide border, carrying candle. Husband strikes at something on floor, jumps, with feet apart, as if something ran between them. Wife jumps upon chair and drops candle. Turn down light at back of stage and turn up again, revealing husband in act of lighting candle. He hands candle to wife and pursues game with poker. Holds up mouse by tail. Curtain.

GEOMETRIC PLAY.

For very little ones. Twelve little ones stand in four lines, forming a square. They recite or sing,—

Now we stand here, and you stand there,
And thus we form a perfect square;

All four sides equal are, you see,
And so a *perfect square* must be.

Then they form in two lines, and say,—

To where they end, from where they start,
Our lines are just so far apart ;
So if you see us, you can tell
That these two lines are *parallel*.

Next change into a triangle, and say,—

Now careful move, and do not tangle,
And we will form in a triangle ;
Three equal sides and angles three,
A true *triangle* now you see.

One little girl takes the center, and the others join hands in
a circle around her and say,—

Each one of us stands just as far
From Annie as the others are ;
For *center* now we Annie take,
And round her, thus, a *circle* make.

All form in a line, to go to their seats, and say,—

As to our seats we marching go,
A good *straight line* we try to show.
Now is not this a pretty play
Of geometric figures ; say ?

—*Exchange.*

WHY DON'T THE SNOWFLAKES COME?

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

I'M a wee little girl that would like to know why
 The snowflakes are staying so long, in the sky.
 I'm sure they are making a *very* long stay,
 For here it is, now, past our thanksgiving day.
 The grass is all withered, the branches are bare,
 Jack Frost nips my nose, with his breath, in the air,
 In its snug little bed each pretty flower sleeps,—
 They are waiting, I know, for their downy white
 sheets.

When falling leaves flutter, and fair flowers die,
 It is time for the snowflakes to fall from the sky.
 The reason I'm wishing so *hard* for the snow
 Is, 'tis most time for Christmas ! and I'd like to know
 How Santa can get here, without any snow ?
 He travels about with reindeers and sleigh,—
 I'm afraid he won't come if he can't come that way.
 I never have heard, if I have I forget,
 That Santa had set up a carriage, as yet :
 And I'm really afraid, 'tis such *very* hard times,
 That darling old Santa *might* be short of dimes.
 If I only could see the feather-flakes fly
 I should be *almost sure* that old Santa was nigh,
 With his tiny bells ringing, so clear and so high.
 Oh, *please*, pretty snowflakes, come down from the
 sky !

THE BIRDS' CONVENTION.

HARRIET D. CASTLE.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

Owl—Boy, larger than others, in full white sack gathered closely around neck and feet. Gather with elastic cord at feet to admit of walking awkwardly. A little extra padding about breast and shoulders. Cover head with white cloth with holes for eyes.

Wren—Very little boy in brown.

Blue-bird—Boy in blue.

Butcher-bird—Boy in gray, with butcher's apron.

Sky Lark—Boy in brown.

Phoebe-bird—Boy in brown.

Bob-o'-link—Boy in black, white about shoulders.

Thrush—Boy in brown.

Crow—Boy in black,—a piece of black veiling over face, with holes for eyes and mouth, or face blackened.

Robin-red-breast—Boy in brown, with red over breast.

Yellow-bird—Boy in yellow.

Whip-poor-will—Boy in mottled gray and brown,—white band around throat.—Small stovepipe hat,—large old-fashioned ferule.

Doves—Boy and girl in white.

The costumes may be made of plain calico or cambric.

[Enter white Owl—blundering and blinking.]

Owl.

I'm a big white owl,
 In a sorry plight;
 I can hardly see
 When it's broad daylight.
 But when night time comes,
 And it's good and dark,
 This wise old owl
 Goes out for a lark.

The next convention,
If I have my way,
Will be held in night-time
Instead of day.

[Enter Wren.]

Owl.

[Speak grimly, imitating owl].

Who, who, who,
Who are you?

Wren.

I'm a wee little Wren,
Dressed in sober brown;
The sauciest bird
Anywhere around.
I knew I'd be early,
Though I didn't half try;
I am so little,
And sharp and spry.

[Enter Butcher-bird.]

Owl.

Who, who, who,
Who are you?

Butcher-bird.

I'm a butcher-bird;
And it's my intention
To turn a penny
By this convention.

I've an eye for trade,
And, by your leave,
I'll talk up the duty
On pork and beef.

[Enter Skylark and Blue-bird.]

Owl.

Who, who, who,
Who are you?

Skylark.

I am a Skylark ;
And, by my birthright,
I move in high circles,
" Way out of sight."
My equal you Yankees,
Perhaps, never saw,—
For I came from England,—
I'm "English ye know."

Blue-bird.

[Bowling politely].

A blue-bird am I,
Most venerable bird ;
And of our good old family,
Quite doubtless you have heard.
So for good birth and breeding,
The convention will not lack,—
For we are all blue blooded,
" From away—way back."

[Enter Phœbe-bird, Bob-o'-link and Thrush].

Owl.

Who, who, who,
Who are you?

Phœbe-bird.

I am a Phœbe-bird
Modest and sweet;
A quaint little quaker
As ever you'll meet.

Bob-o'-link.

I'm Robert of Lincoln,—
A traveler gay.
I travel incog.
A part of the way.

Thrush.

And I'm a brown Thrush;
From the top of a tree
Comes my sweet mellow call
Of "See me! see me!"

[Enter Crow.]

Owl.

Who! who! who!
On earth are you?

Crow.

I am a crow, sir,
As black as the night.
Don't cast dark reflections
Because you are white.

This question of color
Demands the attention,
And all the grave wisdom
Of this wise convention.

[Enter Robin Red-breast, Yellow-bird and Whip-poor-will.]

Owl.

Who, who, who,
Who are you?

Robin Red-breast.

I'm Robin red-breast,—
And some one has said,
'Tis my big, warm heart
Makes my breast so red.

Yellow-bird.

I am a Yellow-bird,
Happy and free;
And never a cage
Do I hope to see.

Whip-poor-will.

I'm an old-fashioned teacher,
And I am thinking still,
A-thinking and a-singing,
Of the time I whipped poor Will.

[Enter two white Doves.]

Owl.

Who, who, whose
Little kids are you?

Dove (Boy).

Wise owl, we are two
 Little snow-white doves,—
 So tender and faithful
 That every one loves.
 Excuse us if we
 Are a little late,
 For I wouldn't come
 Without my dear mate.

[Put arms around each other and lay cheeks together.]

Both.

Coo, coo, coo,
 Wise owl, would you ?

[They kiss each other.]

Butcher-bird.

Well, now, I guess the
 Last delegate's in.
 Ain't it most time for the
 Meetin' to begin ?

Robin Red-breast.

You look so wise,
 With your snowy hair,
 I move, Mister Owl,
 That you take the chair.

Owl.

All right. Where is it ?
 Where ? Where ? Where ?

[Gropes awkwardly.]

Wren.

[Taking owl by wing.]

Come on, old blunderbuss!

What would I do

If I were as blind

And awkward as you.

[She helps him to small stump or log.]

Owl.

For a little body

The color of dirt,

Seems to me, Mrs. Wren,

You are mighty pert.

Well, I can't see you much,

In this blinding day ;

But I'd like to hear

What you all have to say.

Robin Red-breast.

Cheer up! cheer up!

Sir, you're all right!

Cheer up! cheer up!

It will soon be night.

Owl.

Thank *you*! Thank *you*!

[If the children would sing, "See me!" "Phœbe!" etc., to the accompaniment of a bird call or whistle, it would be nice.]

Thrush.

See me! See me! See me!

Owl.

I s'pose you're handsome,
 You have a sweet voice,—
 And if I could see you
 My heart would rejoice.

Phœbe-bird.

Phœbe! Phœbe! Phœbe!

Owl.

Who's she? Who's she?

Whip-poor-will.

Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!

Owl.

Who is this "poor Will"?
 I should like to know;
 And why do you whip him,
 If you pity him so?

Crow.

I plead my cause! cause! cause!

Owl.

"Cause"! a woman's reason!
 Oh, shaw! shaw! shaw!

Crow.

I challenge you, massa,
 To a race with me:
 The vexed *race* question
 To settle, you see.

Bob-o'-link.

Bob-o'-link! bob-o'-link! bob-o'-link!

Owl.

You are President Lincoln's son, I think.

Yellow Bird.

With a silver song,
In a golden throat,
On finance, how should
A Yellow Bird vote?

Owl.

Moonlight is silver,—
Sunlight is gold.
I am a silver man,
Solid and bold.

Dove. [The "dear mate."]

Can a widow hold property?
Boo hoo-hoo!

[Use large white handkerchief.]

Owl.

You are no widow!
What's that to you?

Thrush.

Oh, here comes a boy
With an awful gun!
Oh, dear! He will kill us!
Run! run! run!

[All run from stage, except owl, who makes blundering attempt and stops, bewildered. Enter boy with gun.]

Boy.

Come back, little birdies!
 You needn't run.
 Do you think I would shoot you.
 With my new gun?
 No! I love to watch you,
 And hear you sing;
 'Twould be a cruel
 And wicked thing.
 I wouldn't do wrong
 With my nice new gun,—
 For I've found doing wrong
 Will turn out poor fun.

[To Owl.]

Hello, old fellow!
 Too brave to run,
 Or too wise to be scared
 By a new toy gun.

Owl. [Aside.]

If you just keep quiet,
 And roll your eyes,
 It is ten to one
 Folks will think you're wise.
 But I won't deceive
 Such an honest youth.

[To boy.]

I was scared most to death,
 To tell the truth.
 I'd have run with the rest,
 If you must know,
 Only I couldn't see
 Which way to go.

Boy.

You poor old fellow !
 Just come with me :
 I know a safe place
 In a hollow tree.

Takes owl by wing. Both pass from stage.

THE FLORAL ALPHABET.

KATE LAWRENCE.

Take two boards, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. Fasten in standards, so that they will stand alone, like little pillars. Cover with unruled white paper. Cut gilt letters, three inches high, and paste upon pillars, in alphabetic order, thirteen on each. Place pillars so as to allow of thirteen children standing between. Thirteen taller ones, with wreaths of flowers represented, at back. Thirteen shorter ones, with bouquets, in front. Seven of the taller girls come forward, singly, recite, and decorate letter with blossom, or spray, of flower, and take places between pillars. Seven of the shorter ones do the same, and take places in front of seven taller ones. The remaining six taller ones come forward, singly, recite, decorate letter with flower, and take places between pillars. The remaining six shorter ones do the same, taking places in front of six taller ones. All sing the old-fashioned song, "A B C D E F G."

A is for Apple-blooms, tinted or white,
 B is for Buttercup, Bessie's delight,
 C is for Columbine—petals like doves,
 D is for Daisy that Marian loves,
 E is for Eglantine—fragrant Sweet Brier,
 F is for Fern, of which *I* never tire,
 G is for Geranium, cheerful and gay,
 H is for Heart's-Ease, that drives care away,
 I is for Iris—how gorgeous its hues !
 J is for Jessamine—none can refuse.

K is for Kalmia—American Laurel,
 L is for Larkspur, in alphabet floral,
 M, Mignonette, so fragrant and sweet,
 N is Nasturtium, with pickles to eat.
 O Oleander, my favorite, I think,
 P is for Peony, Pansy and Pink.
 Q is for *Quercus*,—it is not a joke,
 But the name of a genus,—you call it the oak.
 R is for Rose, that is everywhere seen,
 S is for Smilax—how lovely its green.
 T is for Tulip, for Tansy and Tea,
 U for Urania,—a name new to me.
 V is for Violet, thrice welcome spring guest,
 White, purple or yellow—which do you love best?
 Wistaria,—a green, leafy bower,
 X is the Cross in the strange Passion flower,
 Y is the Yam, that West Indians raise,
 And Z is for Zea, or Japanese Maize.

— *Good Cheer.*

THE CAREFUL MESSENGER.

A POUND of tea at one and three,
 And a pot of raspberry jam,
 Two new-laid eggs, and a dozen pegs,
 And a pound of rashers of ham.
 I'll say it over all the way,
 And then I'm sure not to forget,
 For if I chance to bring things wrong,
 My mother gets in such a pet.

A pound of tea at one and three,
 And a pot of raspberry jam,
 Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
 And a pound of rashers of ham.

There, in the hay, the children play,
 They're having such jolly fun;
 I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
 As soon as my errands are done.

A pound of tea at one and three,
 A pot of—er—new-laid jam,
 Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs,
 And a pound of rashers of ham.

There's Teddy White flying his kite;
 He thinks himself grand, I declare;
 I'd like to try to make it fly, up sky high
 Ever so much higher
 Than the old church spire,
 And then—but there——

A pound of three and one at tea,
 A pot of new-laid jam,
 Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
 And a pound of rashers of ham.

Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop;
 And run my orders through again;
 I haven't forgot, no, ne'er a jot—
 It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

A pound of three at one and tea,
 A dozen of raspberry ham,
 A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
 And a rasher of new-laid jam.

—*Sunrise.*

CHRISTMAS DAY.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

A good old-fashioned Chris'mas, with the logs upon
the hearth,
The table filled with feasters, an' the room a-roar
'ith mirth,
With the stockin's crammed to bu'stin', an' the
medders piled 'ith snow—
A good old-fashioned Chris'mas like we had so long
ago!

Now that's the thing I'd like to see ag'in afore I die,
But Chris'mas in the city here—it's different, oh
my!

With the crowded hustle-bustle of the slushy, noisy
street,
An' the scowl upon the faces of the strangers that
you meet.

Oh, there's buyin', plenty of it, of a lot o' gorgeous
toys;

An' it takes a mint o' money to please modern girls
and boys.

Why, I mind the time a jack-knife an' a toffy-lump
for me

Made my little heart 'an' stockin' jus' chock-full of
Chris'mas glee.

An' there's feastin'. Think o' feedin' with the
stuck-up city folk!

Why, ye have to speak in whispers, an ye dar'sn't
crack a joke.

Then remember how the tables looked all crowded
with your kin,
When you couldn't hear a whistle blow across the
merry din!

You see I'm so old-fashioned-like I don't care much
for style,
An' to eat your Chris'mas banquets here I wouldn't
go a mile;
I'd rather have, like Solomon, a good yarb-dinner set
With real old friends, than turkle soup with all the
nobs you'd get.

There's my next-door neighbor Gurley—fancy how
his brows 'ud' lift
If I'd holler "Merry Christmas! Caught, old fel-
low, Chris'mas gift!"
Lordy-Lord, I'd like to try it! Guess he'd nearly
have a fit.
Hang this city stiffness, anyways, I can't get used
to it.

Then your heart it kept a-swellin' till it nearly bu'st
your side,
An' by night your jaws were achin' with your smile
four inches wide.
An' your enemy, the wo'st one, you'd just grab his
hand and say:
"Mabbe, both of us was wrong, John. Come, let's
shake. It's Chris'mas day!"

Mighty little Chris'mas spirit seems to dwell 'tween
city walls,
Where each snowflake brings a soot-flake for a
brother as it falls;

Mighty little Chris'mas spirit! An' I'm pinin',
 don't you know,
 For a good old-fashioned Chris'mas like we had so
 long ago.

—*Century.*

FRIDAY EVENING AFTER EXAMINATION.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

JOHNNY sat by the fire in an easy arm-chair,
 And fell into meditation;
 He had worked for a week in the puzzling affair
 Of the winter examination.

So he shut up his eyes and leant back in the chair,
 —Just to rest his tired eyelids he meant—
 He thought it all over while thus sitting there,
 And this is the way that it went:—

The indicative mood of three times fifty-four
 And the cube of the torrid zone,
 Make what per cent. of a base-ball score
 In longitude seventy-one?

There is something wrong about that, I know,
 And the next one is just as bad,
 About parsing the ratio of Borneo
 To the treaty of Trinidad.

I'll try the next: What rate per cent.
 Of the battle of Bunker Hill
 Is the present tense of a continent
 If the discount is charged in the bill?

I could work that out if I knew the price
 Of the dividend's passive voice;
 For the principal products are pronouns and rice
 And Stark with his Green Mountain boys.

I'll never get through if I go on thus,
 But the adjective's administration
 Began with the downfall of minus and plus
 By the square of the first conjugation.

O me! It is all in a terrible mix
 And it's nearly the time for closing—
 Hello! What's that! It's the clock striking six!
 I certainly must have been dozing.

Postscript—Monday Evening.

Master Johnny insists on my adding a line
 To tell you he came out quite straight;
 His average standing was just eighty-nine—
 His lowest mark seventy-eight.

ADVICE TO THE OFFICE-BOY.

My boy, you're soon to be a man,
 Get ready for a man's work now,
 And learn to do the best you can.
 When sweat is brought to arm and brow;
 9

Don't be afraid, my boy, to work,
 You've got to if you mean to win;
 He's a coward who will shirk;
 Roll up your sleeves and then "go in."

Don't wait for chances! look about!
 There's always something you can do;
 He who will manfully strike out
 Finds labor—plenty of it, too,
 But he who folds his hands and waits
 For "something to turn up" will find
 The toiler passes Fortune's gates,
 While he, alas! is left behind.

Be honest as the day is long.
 Don't grind the poor man for his cent,
 In helping others you grow strong,
 And kind deeds done are only lent;
 And this, remember, if you're wise.
 To your own business be confined.
 He is a fool, and fails, who tries
 His fellow-men's affairs to mind.

Don't be discouraged and get blue
 If things don't go to suit you quite.
 Work on! Perhaps it rests with you
 To set the wrong that worries right.
 Don't lean on others! Be a man!
 Stand on a footing of your own!
 Be independent if you can,
 And cultivate a sound backbone.

THE BETTER WAY.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Who serves his country best?
 Not he who, for a brief and stormy space,
 Leads forth her armies to the fierce affray.
 Short is the time of turmoil and unrest,
 Long years of peace succeed it and replace;
 There is a better way.

Who serves his country best?
 Not he who guides her senates in debate,
 And makes the laws which are her prop and stay;
 Not he who wears the poet's purple vest,
 And sings her songs of love and grief and fate;
 There is a better way.

He serves his country best
 Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;
 For speech has myriad tongues for every day,
 And song but one; and law within the breast
 Is stronger than the graven law on stone;
 There is a better way.

He serves his country best
 Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,
 And walks straight paths, however others stray,
 And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest
 A stainless record which all men may read;
 This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,
 No dew but has an errand to some flower,
 No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
 And man by man, each giving to the rest,
 Makes the firm bulwark of the country's power;
 There is no better way.

—*The Congregationalist.*

PUT-OFF TOWN.

WHAT a dismal place is Put-Off Town !
 Its houses ruined all ;
 And, whether you go up or down,
 No sunshine seems to fall.
 The grass is growing in the streets,
 And idle is the mill ;
 With listless stare, the people there
 Just wander at their will ;
 For springtime green or autumn brown,
 'Tis all the same in Put-Off Town.

Not a lesson's learned in Put-Off Town,
 'The school-bell never rings ;
 Big rents are seen in every gown,
 No heart with gladness sings.
 The plow fast in the furrow stands,
 And weeds in gardens grow ;
 With sloth-like tread, folks go to bed
 Before the sun is low.
 There's nobody who wins renown
 Whose days are passed in Put-Off Town.

Do you know the place called Put-Off Town?

When book and slate you shun,
And wander up and wander down,
With duties all undone ;
When you are pining for the past,
Whose chances were your own.
And wonder how, with frown on brow,
Those chances could have flown,
'Tis easily guessed, by that sad frown,
That you have lived in Put-Off Town.

WHY POLLY WAS HAPPY.

BETH DAY.

THREE little girls went out to play,
When the sun had dried the dew ;
There was Hattie, with eyes of gray,
And Katie, with eyes of blue ;
And plump little Polly, with eyes of brown—
The happiest girl in all the town.

They lived together—in pretense—
Where two friendly fences met ;
With boards for roof, from fence to fence,
To keep out the wind and wet ;
And a tree dropped shadows there all the day
And kept the heat of the sun away.

They had a carpet on the floor,
 A carpet of grasses green,
 With dandelion blossoms dotted o'er,
 The prettiest ever seen.
 'Twas just like a playhouse, of which I know,
 That was built in a corner long ago.

Their table—it had a scarlet spread—
 An armchair without a back,
 Its legs were painted cherry red;
 Of dishes they had no lack;
 For they had those that were spoiled that day
 When the kitchen table-leg gave way.

Bits of glassware of dainty hue,
 Of amber, and pink, and rose,
 Some that were deep, dark red, and blue,
 And some that were brown; and those
 They thought far prettier and more rare
 Than some that were crystal-clear, like air.

When they went out, that morn, to play,
 Said Hattie: "The house is mine;
 Kate my daughter must be to-day,
 And I'll be dressed gay and fine,
 And you be the servant for her and me."
 "All right!" said Polly, "that's what I'll be."

But Katie pouted. "No, no!" cried she.
 "I don't want to play that way!
 I'll be mother. Why can't I be?
 You shan't be it every day!"
 But then Polly touched her and whispered low;
 "Never mind, Katie, let's play so."

And so they played. And peeping through
 Came a child and stood outside.
 "Oh, let me come in and play with you!
 Oh, please, let me come!" she cried.
 But Hattie and Katie each cried: "No, no!
 We won't have you in here, we won't; now go!"
 Polly looked through the fence. Said she:
 "Oh, let her come in and play!
 I'll live there by the cherry tree,
 And she may go with me and stay;
 Then we'll play 'calling' and ask you to tea.
 Come in, little girl, you may play with me."
 So they played through the day so bright
 Till the dew began to fall.
 Hattie and Katie each said at night:
 "It hasn't been nice, at all;
 We never played such a stupid play!
 I haven't been happy, a bit, to-day!"
 But Polly opened her brown eyes wide;
 "You did what you wished to do!
 'Twas pleasant enough to me," she cried.
 "I've been happy the whole day through!"
 Perhaps we know why. The sweet-tempered elf
 Tried to please others, and not herself.

—*In Housekeeper.*

EXHIBITION DAY.

"DEAR friends, we're glad to see you here;
 You've come to hear to-day
 About the learned things we do
 And clever things we say.

“ You then will all agree, I'm sure,
 With that great man who said,
 ‘ ’Tis wonderful how many things
 Will go in one small head ! ’

“ Now, here are some who study maps,
 And talk in sober ways
 Of continents and mountain tops,
 Of seas and gulfs and bays.

“ And some subtract and multiply,
 While others still are bright
 At adding figures on a slate
 And making them come right.

“ And others—you will be surprised !—
 Are actually able
 To say without a number wrong
 The whole division table.

“ And some can read and write and spell
 The very longest word,
 Like any preacher in the land
 That ever you have heard.

“ These things, you see, we differ in,
 But now I'm going to tell
 Of just a few we all agree
 In liking very well.

“ I do not know a single boy
 Who will not gladly go
 To have a jolly coasting time,
 Or build a fort of snow.

"You will not find, if you inquire,
A boy among us all
Who is not fond of flying kites,
Or hare and hounds, or ball.

"Or can you tell of one who thinks
It is not rarest fun
To go out nutting, or to fish?—
I do not know of one.

"We'll study hard in school, and then
We'll surely all remember
To play our best from New Year's Day
Till good-bye, old December."

—*From the Companion.*

"I SAY WHAT I THINK."

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"I SAY what I think," says the valiant man,
With a voice and a look of daring,
Determined to act on a selfish plan,
And for nobody's comfort caring—
"I say what I think;" and at every chance
This impulse of his obeying,
'Tis plain to be seen at a single glance .
He doesn't think what he's saying.

O, many an arrow will reach the heart
For which it was never intended,
If a careless marksman wings the dart,
And the hurt can never be mended ;

And many a friendship may be lost,
 And many a love-link broken
 Because of neglect to count the cost
 Of words that are lightly spoken.

“I say what I think.” Ah! the truly great,
 Who give their wisdom expression
 In chosen phrases, would hesitate
 To make such a rash confession,
 For think what injuries might be wrought,
 What evils we could not smother,
 If everybody said what they thought
 Without regard to each other!

To say what you think is a noble thing
 When your voice for the right is needed,
 To speak out your mind with a loyal ring
 When order and law are impeded ;
 But the evil thoughts that flow through the brain
 And the heart should be retarded,
 For we lessen the tide of grief and pain
 When our speech is carefully guarded.

You may think what you choose, nor give offence—
 Be a traitor, and not display it ;
 And if you're deficient in common-sense,
 By silence you'll not betray it,
 And let it be written in blackest ink,
 For the good of each son and daughter,
 That those who always say what they think
 Are most of the time in hot water.

—*In Harper's Young People.*

TO LITTLE NEWTONS.

OLIVE LOGAN.

ISAAC NEWTON, my boys, was a wondrous philosopher ;

Acquainted with nature, and all the wise laws of
her

Workings on land, in the air, on the sea ;

He found out the attraction of earth's gravity,

But, odd as 't may appear, lads, this very strange
man

Could not gather his wits, as most other folks can,

When the matter in question related to self,

His food or his clothing, or winning of pelf.

His servant, one day, told the odd old philosopher

That breakfast was ready. He bade her be off with
her !

Said " Bring me an egg, and I'll set about boiling it."

" Look oft at your watch then ; be careful of spoiling it."

Thus did she reply, lads, fetched egg, water, and
pan,

And, turning away, left that clever old man.

He put his watch right in to boil, to regulate the
time,

Gazed hard and long upon the egg—did Newton,
the Sublime !

Yes, Newton, very truly, was a wonderful philosopher !

His absent mind in little things we gladly now will gloss over.

Though the boiling of our watches is not quite the proper thing,

Find out for us air flight, or some perpetual motioning,

And we will overlook, lads, such a laughable mistake.

As that one made by Newton; and for your discovery's sake,

All honors will be given to your very clever self,

And you can purchase many a watch with your own well-earned pelf.

A VERY ODD GIRL.

EMMA C. DOWD.

IN school she ranks above her mates,

And wins the highest prizes ;

She bounds correctly all the states,

And tells what each one's size is ;

In class she will not prompt a friend,

For she doesn't believe in telling ;

She heeds the rules from end to end,

And never fails in spelling.

"She's just as odd as odd can be ! "

Say all the school of Esther Lee.

She keeps her room as neat as wax,
And laughs at Peter's mockings ;
She mends Priscilla's gloves and sacques,
And darns the family stockings ;
She dusts the sitting-room for Kate,
She cares for baby brother ;
She fashions balls and kites for Nate,
And runs for tired mother.
"She's just as odd as odd can be !"
Say all at home of Esther Lee.

For little crippled Mary Betts
She saves her brightest pennies ;
She never, never sulks or frets
If she doesn't beat at tennis ;
With happy words she is sure to greet
Children in lowly by-way ;
She guides unsteady, aged feet
Across the bustling highway.
"She's just as odd as odd can be !"
Say all the town of Esther Lee.

MOTHER EARTH'S HOUSE-CLEANING.

M. H. K.

"O DEAR !" murmured old Mother Earth, "how
annoying !

The winter has ended, and spring has begun,
There's all my spring house-cleaning waiting before
me,

And not a thing done.

“There'll be sweeping and scouring in every odd corner.

I must lift my brown carpets and put down the green,
Clear my ceilings of cobwebs, and wash all my wood-work,
Till everything's clean.

“My servants are willing enough, but so plodding,
My daughters are idle. I have but one sun,
And he looks as if he considered my trouble
Just nothing but fun.

“There are garments to make; yes, there's the spring sewing,
Great heaps upon heaps, and I almost despair,
With the spinning and weaving, and no one to help me
Or lighten my care.

“Then think of the guests I am hourly expecting.
What bexies! And every one's room to prepare;
Whole families of birds, flocking in all together,
No trouble will spare.

“I must worry and work in the kitchen preparing
A separate dish for each separate guest;
For their tastes always differ; what one fails to relish
The other likes best.”

But the south wind brought water, and all the winds helped her.

Even her sun kindly proffered his aid:
Till, at last, every parlor and chamber made ready,
She proudly displayed.

Then the bluebirds, the blackbirds, the robins, and
thrushes,

Came hurrying past in a chattering throng.
They greeted her warmly, and uttered her praises
In cheeriest song.

The crickets, the frogs, and the ants and the lizards,
The bees and the butterflies, ev'ry gray moth,
Found his place ready waiting; his dinner to suit
him,
Whether bread, meat or broth.

THE HOLIDAY FAMILY.

EUDORA STONE BUMSTEAD.

FIRST comes Mother New-Year,
Fresh tablets in her hand ;
Last comes Father Christmas
With gifts for all the land ;
And those between have left their plays,
And wait as still as mice,
For all the little Holidays
Must have some good advice.

“St. Val,” says Mother New Year,
“Your sports we gladly claim ;
But see that none are slighted,
Or grieved, or put to shame.

While you, my staid and earnest son,
 How much depends on you,
 To keep the fame of Washington
 And bring him followers true."

"Dear child," said Father Christmas,
 "My little Easter dove,
 We'll try to please the children
 And teach them truth and love.
 You April jester, when you play,
 Be kindly in your pranks.
 And you, my sturdy Arbor Day,
 Plant well, and have our thanks."

"My gentle little Flower-girls,"
 The Mother New Year said,
 "Give lovingly and sweetly
 To the living and the dead.
 And you, my noisy, boisterous pet,
 Go march and shoot and shout,
 But, really, you must not forget
 What all your fun's about.

"And, last, my fair Thanksgiving,
 With lessons true and sweet,
 Oh, make yourself remembered
 In all the hearts you greet.
 Now laugh and dance, dear little band,
 And sing with voices clear;
 For Holidays must bless the land,
 And brighten all the year."

—*The Companion.*

ONE ONLY.

M. A. MAITLAND.

OH, the rollicking and racket!
Oh, the gamboling and gush!
And the routing and the shouting
And the shoving and the crush!

Who would think that such a bluster,
Such a frolicking and noise,
Was o'er half a day of freedom
To a school of city boys?

Little Madge upon the crossing,
With her father's dinner-pail,
Sees the avalanche approaching
And her heart begins to quail;

Sees the swaying and the pushing,
And the dust rise in the street;
Hears the rioting and rushing
And the tramp of coming feet;

And her slender fingers tighten
On their treasure held in trust;
Then a clash, a cry, a waver—
Madge and dinner in the dust!

Oh, the peal of careless laughter
That rang out upon the air,
When the cause of the disaster
Saw the ruin lying there!

Then away (for shame upon them !)
 They tore onward like the wind ;
 Only one of all their number—
 Only one remained behind.

Out of all those merry fellows,
 Cheering, whooping as they ran,
 Only one was truly noble,
 Only one a gentleman.

Only one—a glance revealed him
 Poorly fed, and meanly clad ;
 But his heart was big with pity—
 Staunch and tender little lad.

With a roughened hand, but kindly,
 He upraised the frightened child,
 Brushed away the dust so gently
 From her apron crushed and soiled ;

Gathered up the scattered fragments,
 Freed them from the clinging earth ;
 And the care bestowed upon them
 Told how well he knew their worth.

Not a single word was spoken ;
 'Twas a simple deed, and small,
 But it pleased the One who even
 Marks the little sparrow's fall ;

And its touch of human pity
 Soothed "one of the least of these ;"
 And warmed *one* heart to the laddie
 With the patches on his knees.

— *Golden Days.*

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life ;
 And even when you find them
 It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
 And look for the virtue behind them.
 For the cloudiest night has a hint of the light
 Somewhere in its shadows hiding.
 It is better by far to look for a star,
 Then the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
 To the bosom of God's great ocean.
 Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
 And think to alter its motion.
 Don't waste a curse on the universe—
 Remember it lived before you.
 Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
 But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
 To suit your whims to the letter.
 Some things must go wrong your whole life long
 And the sooner you know it the better.
 It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
 And go under at last in the wrestle.
 The wiser man shapes into God's plan
 As the water shapes into a vessel.

A MOTHER'S LESSON.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

EVERY THING had gone wrong that day,
And my temper was sorely fretted,
And sharply I spoke to my little boy,
Who was used to being petted ;
I told him to go by himself and play,
And with questions not to trouble,
For he was a little hindering thing,
And made my cares just double.

He stared in surprise, then turned away
With his curl-crowned head bent lowly,
His winsome face had a grieving look,
And his little feet went slowly.
I turned again to my vexing work,
And the room seemed very quiet,
But after all I was ill at ease
And longed for my baby's riot.

I turned to call him, when something went
By the window with sudden flashing.
I heard hoarse shouts and hurrrying feet,
And a sound of something crashing ;
I sprang to the door—men were lifting up
A child all limp and quiet,
From the ground where the trampling hoofs had
been—
In an instant I was by it.

Kneeling there in the dusty street,
 Eager and faint and fearful,
 While a pitying crowd came surging round,
 Horror-stricken and tearful;
 But, ah! 'twas another mother's heart
 That was broken that summer morning,
 Who saw the light of her life go out
 With never a word of warning.

But where was my boy? Why, in grandma's room,
 (And the room seemed full of glory)
 Curled in her lap, with her arms clasped 'round,
 And listening to a story.
 I have learned my lesson; and now I deem
 It my greatest boon and pleasure
 To live for my "little hindering thing,"
 Lest I merit heart-breaking leisure.

THE TIRED PHONOGRAPH.

EVA LOVETT CARSON.

THE father of a family
 Of many little chits,
 Found out that buying hats and shoes,
 Took all his strength and wits.
 To train their morals, or their minds,
 He had no time—and yet
 He wished them to learn manners,
 And choice table etiquette.

And so he bought a phonograph,
 Whose tones were loud and clear,
 And in the middle of the board,
 Where every child might hear,
 This "patent educator" stood.
 While Mary turned the crank,
 Its notes on good behavior,
 In little bosoms sank.

"Come—take your places quietly!
 Each one his turn must wait!
 Take your elbows off the table!
 Your fingers off your plate!
 Now lay your napkin on your lap!
 Eat neatly, dear, and slow!
 And when you're finished always say:
 'Excuse me'—'ere you go!'"

Then Mary gave another twist,
 And off 'twould start once more—
 "Don't put large pieces in your mouth!
 Don't hammer on the floor!
 Don't cough unless you turn your head!
Don't ask four times for pie!
 Sit straight, and use a spoon for soup!
 To meat, your forks apply!"

So, day by day, while Mary turned
 It gave these maxims out.
 The father smiled to hear its words
 Continually about.
 For though, when months stretched into years
 Its voice grew hoarse and weak,
 Though broken—it was needed sore
 It could not choose but speak.

But one day when it feebly moaned :
 . " *Don't* ask four times for pie !
 Now lay your napkin on "—it stopped,
 And gave a weary sigh.
 Then with a shriek that raised the hair
 On every childish head,
 It fell to pieces—tired out,
 The phonograph lay dead !

THE LITTLE BROWN WREN.

A LITTLE brown wren, with a pretty white breast,
 Peeped from the door of her little round nest,
 And said to her husband : " The wind's from the
 West."

" So I perceive," was the ready reply,
 " And there isn't a cloud to be seen in the sky ;
 I think you had better go out by and by,
 And I'll keep your eggs warm till you come back
 again."

" O, thank you, my dear," said the little brown wren,
 With a chirp of delight, " you're the kindest of men ;
 Of course I adore the dear little things,
 Still, sitting on eggs so steadily brings
 A kind of a stiffness to one's legs and wings.
 I would like to stretch them, since you're so kind,
 I'm only distressed, dear, to leave you behind."
 " O, that is no matter," said he, " never mind."
 So the good little mother flew off to the West,
 And the father sat down in her place in the nest,

Delighted to give the wee wifey a rest.
 It was rather slow work, and he soon fell asleep,
 But he woke with a jump, for he heard a faint cheep
 And something beneath him beginning to creep.
 Now here was a crisis, "As sure as the sun,"
 The father bird flies, "'Tis the hatching begun,
 And mother is gadding—now what's to be done?"
 He fluttered about, in his fidgety fear.
 He hopped up and down, and he twittered, "O, dear!
 What wouldn't I give if that woman was here!"
 His sense of relief can only be guessed,
 For out of bird language it can't be expressed,
 When he saw her, at last, flying back to the nest.
 And she, when she saw such a wonderful sight—
 Three little baby wrens hatching all right—
 She couldn't contain her pride and delight.
 She hopped, and she chirped, and she cuddled them
 well;
 And each little fledgling that peeped from the shell,
 She loved it, how dearly, I never can tell.
 All this, you must know, happened early in May,
 I chanced to peep into the wrens' nest to-day,
 And lo! it was empty, the birds flown away.

ON THE UP-GRADE.

E. CAVAZZA.

As the horse-car reaches the foot of the hill,
 Gray Jerry swings up with a lively clatter:
 "Is that you, Blackie? Good day to you, Bill!
 A steep one to climb—but 'tis little matter,"

He seems to say, "for I've nothing to do
But to hitch right on and to pull with you!"

He puts new life in the jaded pair,
Their ears prick up and their eyes grow bright;
The car is heavy, but little they care,
For good gray Jerry will make it light.
They trot together without a stop—
Time for rest when they get to the top!

Now the horses are half up-hill,
The driver has little or nothing to do;
Courage, Blackie, and pull away, Bill!

Jerry will see the whole business through;
He twinkles his eye, and he switches his tail,
And makes the car fly, on the up-grade rail.

A model of active benevolence
Jerry the car-horse appears to me,
With his brave, kind heart and his good horse-
sense—

And 'twere well with us, could we always be
Ready as he is, to cheer and aid
The brothers that toil on the hard up-grade!

PROVERBS.

LILIAN GREY.

ONE chilly rainy day we sat, our fancy work in
hand,
Within the pleasant sitting-room, a merry little
band;

It had not rained sufficiently our patience yet to
tire.

“Into each life some rain must fall,” said grandma
by the fire.

We chatted softly as we worked, of this, and this,
and that,

When suddenly Lenora said, uplooking from her
mat,

“I think that Lester Allison is handsome as can be!”

“Ah, handsome is that handsome does,” said grand-
ma quietly.

And then we spoke of Cousin Rob, the gayest, dear-
est boy,

Who'd lately gone to the far West to live with
Uncle Roy;

“He will not stay,” we said, “ah, no, only a little
while.”

“A rolling stone gathers no moss,” said grandma
with a smile.

“O dear! I've dropped a stitch,” cried May, “'way
down an inch or two.

And now to make it right I must my labor all
undo;

How could I be so dull and blind as not to sooner
see?”

“A stitch in time, my dear, saves nine,” said grand-
ma placidly.

Later we spoke of some we knew, whose cherished
plans had failed,

The home was broken up, and one to some far port
had sailed;

No one had been to blame, and yet no help was there to see.

“What can't be cured must be endured,” said grandma quietly.

“Look at my hat!” cried bonny Bess, “it's most as good as new!

You'd never dream that it once with rain was dripping through and through;

I've curled the feathers, pressed the brim, and trimmed it over—see!”

“A penny saved is a penny earned,” said grandma thoughtfully.

The day grew older, and the clouds hung lower on the hills,

The garden paths were turned to beds for little rushing rills;

“How dark it grows!” at last we said, half discontentedly.

“It's darkest just before the dawn,” said grandma, hopefully.

The fog came rolling close to earth, and hid the landscape wide,

Then came the wind from out the north, and suddenly some one cried,

“The sun is breaking through the clouds, a glorious sight to see!”

“Each cloud a silver lining has,” said grandma tenderly.

O grandma! with your silvery hair, and pleasant voice and face,

Which spite of wrinkles still retains much of its olden grace,

We listen to your timely words and reverence your
age,
For you have proved the proverbs true through a
long pilgrimage.

—*In Good Housekeeping.*

A SCHEME OF EMIGRATION.

THE "Brewers" should to "Malta" go,
The "Boobies" all to "Scilly,"
The "Quakers," to the "Friendly Isles,"
The "Furriers" to "Chili."

The little snarling, caroling babes
Who break our nightly rest
Should be packed off to "Babylon,"
To "Lap" land or to "Brest."

From "Spithead" "Cooks" go o'er to "Greece,"
And while the "Miser" waits
His passage to the "Guinea Coast,"
"Spendthrifts" are in the "Straits."

"Spinsters" should to the "Needles" go,
"Wine bibbers" to "Burgundy,"
"Gourmands" should lunch at "Sandwich Isles,"
"Wags" at the "Bay of Fundy."

"Bachelors" to the "United States,"
"Maids" to the "Isle of Man;"
Let "Gardeners" go to "Botany Bay,"
And "Shoeblocks" to "Japan."

Thus emigrate, and misplaced man
 Will then no longer vex us,
 And all who are not provided for
 Had better go to "Texas."

—*Boston Journal.*

THE SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

ON the pleasant road to Knowledge,
 At the foot of a green hill,
 Stood the little old red school-house.
 When the children all were still
 They could hear a brook run, laughing
 To the pebbles in its bed,—
 "Play is pleasanter than study—
 Come and play with me," it said.
 At the back of the old school-house
 Was a roomy lean-to shed,
 With rough boards for the siding,
 And rough boards overhead.
 Here in this wood-shed, emptied
 Of all its winter store,
 Two little teachers played "keep school ;"
 A very able corps.
 They sang and ciphered, read and spelled,
 As if they thought it fun ;
 And oft "rewards of merit"
 Were given to every one.
 Order was Heaven's first law, they say—
 And well enforced, no doubt,—

For Cain and Abel weren't born,—
 There were no *boys* about.
 Now roguish Karl and Martin,
 The able corps found out,
 Were *able* to raise *Cain*,—and law
 And order put to rout.
 Full many were their pranks and tricks,
 And, when expelled, they played,
 On poplar leaves and pumpkin vines,
 A lively serenade.
 They jumped in through the windows,
 Without a sash or pane,
 And, when the corps bore down on them,
 They scrambled out again.
 The able corps was forced, at last,
 To use their woman's wit;
 "Now Karl," said they, "has vanity,
 And let's appeal to it:
 We'll make him Superintendent!"
 Now wasn't that a plan?
 And in this case, I'm very sure,
 The office sought the man.
 They held a school election, on
 The latest plan, you see,
 And Karl Munn was elected by
 A large majority.
 The duties of his office were
 Performed with dignity;
 He strutted up and down the aisles
 In great benignity:
 The able corps taught on, and smiled,
 And all went orderly.

Perhaps this same expedient
By older folks is tried,—
And rogues sit in high places
Just to keep them pacified.

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

SHE sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear wee woman of four ;
Her feet in her shiny slippers
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good ; she had promised,
And so, with her big brown eyes
She stared at the meeting-house windows,
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher ;
But she thought of the honey bees
Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of the broken basket,
Where curled in a dusky heap
Three sleek round puppies, with fringy ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet !
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,

And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered: "Bless the child!"
As each one waked from a nap:
But the dear wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

—*London Amusing Journal.*

VACATION IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

THE school-bell was heard to complain,
"I've rung till I'm almost insane,
Yet the children play
The whole live-long day,
And the teacher's gone off on the train."

The ink-bottle said with a sigh,
"I find life exceedingly dry,
One feels very low
Quite used up, you know,
When it comes to the first of July."

"I need rest, so my doctors say,"
Cried the spelling-book, looking distraight,
"And it can't be denied
I've a stitch in my side,
I shall turn a new leaf from to-day."

THE ANT AS AN ENGINEER.

The pastry was delicious, and I wanted it myself,
So I put it in the pantry on the very lowest shelf;
And to keep it from the insects, those ants so red
and small,
I made a river round it of molasses, best of all.

But the enemy approached it, all as hungry as
could be,
And the captain with his aide-de-camp just skir-
mished round to see
Whether they could ford this river, or should try
some other plan,
And together with his comrades he around the
liquid ran.

To his joy and satisfaction, after traveling around,
The place where the molasses was the narrowest he
found;
Then again he reconnoitered, rushing forward and
then back,
Till he spied some loosened plaster in the wall
around a tack.

He divided then his forces, with a foreman for each
squad.

And he marshaled the whole army and before him
each ant trod.

His directions were all given : to his chiefs he gave
a call ;

While he headed the procession as they marched
off up the wall.

Every ant then seized his plaster, just a speck and
 nothing more,
 And he climbed and tugged and carried till he'd
 brought it to the shore;
 Then they built their bridge, just working for an
 hour by the sky,
 After which they all marched over and all fell to
 eating pie.

—*In St. Nicholas.*

SYZENTERES.

E. S. B.

DID you ever hear of the place, my dears,
 That is called the country of Syzenteres?
 Where the children whine, and the babies cry,
 And even the grown folks droop and sigh?
 Their faces are long with a look of dread,
 Their eyes are moist, and their noses red;
 For trials and troubles, and doubts and fears,
 Are the commonest things in Syzenteres.

Whenever the day is bright and warm,
 They frown and say "Look out for a storm."
 Whenever it happens to rain or snow
 They grumble and say that it's always so.
 They eat their fruit when it's green and small,
 For fear it should blight, or wither and fall,
 For people will shut their eyes and ears
 To omens of good in Syzenteres.

The children cry when they're asked to tea,
 For fear they should fail to go, you see;
 Then they're kept at home because they cry,
 And they feel that the world is all awry.
 If you give them a doll or a plaything gay,
 They cry for fear it will break some day;
 And it will full soon, for doubts and fears
 Make all things brittle in Syzenteres.

This land is not very far away,
 And you may be wanted there some day
 If you pout and whine, and whimper and tease,
 Whenever you cannot do as you please.
 Just put on a smiling face and see
 How happy and bright the world can be,
 And never consent to live, my dears,
 In the sorrowful state of Syzenteres.

"SAVING MOTHER."

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair,
 Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
 His face was ruddy and full and fair;
 His three small boys in the chimney nook
 Conned the lines of a picture-book;

His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
 Baked the biscuits and made the tarts,
 Laid the table and steeped the tea.
 Deftly, swiftly, silently.

Tired and weary, and worn and faint,
 She bore her trials without complaint,
 Like many another household saint—
 Content, all selfish bliss above
 In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke
 That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:
 "There's taxes to raise an' interest to pay,
 And if there should come a rainy day,
 'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,
 T' have somethin' put by. For folks must die,
 An' there's funeral bills, an' gravestuns to buy,
 Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh;
 Besides, there's Edward, and Dick and Joe
 To be provided for when we go.

So 'f I was you, I'll tell you what I'd do,
 I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—
 Extra fire don't do any good—
 I'd be savin' of soap, and savin' of ile,
 And run up some candles once in a while;
 I'd be rather sparin' of coffee an' tea,
 For sugar is high,
 And all to buy,
 And cider is good enough for me.

I'd be kind 'o careful about my clo'es,
 And look out sharp how the money goes—
 Gewgaws is careless, natur' knows;
 Extra trimmin'
 'S the bane of women.

I'd sell the best of the cheese and honey,
 And eggs is as good nigh about 's the money;

And as to the carpet you wanted new
 I guess we can make the old one do ;
 And as for the washer and sewing machine,
 Them smooth-tongued agents 'so pesky mean,
 You'd better get rid of them slick and clean.
 What do they know about women's work ?
 Do they calcilate women were made to shirk ? ”

Dick, and Edward and little Joe
 Sat in a corner in a row.
 They saw the patient mother go
 On ceaseless errands to and fro ;
 They saw that her form was bent and thin,
 Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in ;
 They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
 And then with a warmth he could not smother
 Out spoke the youngest and frailest brother,
 “ You talk of savin' wood and ile,
 An' tea and sugar all the while,
 But you never talk of savin' mother.”

“IF I DIDN'T FORGET HOW OLD I WAS.”

J. EDMUND V. COOKE.

If I didn't forget how old I was,
 Do you think I'd act like I often does ?
 Do you think I'd swing on the front-yard gate,
 If I could remember that I was *eight* ?
 If I didn't forget how soon I'd grow
 To be a big man like Uncle Joe,
 Do you think my pa would have to scold
 'Cuz I didn't do what I was told ?

Do you think I'd set my ma so wild,
 An' act so much like a little *child*,
 If I didn't forget I was half-past eight?
 An' would Miss Brown have to keep me late?
 Miss Brown said I was "a little fiend,"
 An' I didn't know what the old thing meant;
 But she said 'twas becuz I played so rough,
 An' it made my ma just cry—sure 'nough.
 If I didn't forget, do you s'pose that I
 Would ever act so's to make *her* cry?
 And don't you s'pose I'd behave just fine,
 If I didn't forget I was going on nine?
 If, I could remember, do you suppose
 I'wouldn't take care of my Sunday clo'es?
 An' would I get mad at my cousin Ben
 Without getting right away good again?
 Pa says he believes I was just *born* bad,
 An' Uncle Joe says that I'm "like my dad,"
 An' Aunt Lou says *she* don't suppose
 I'll ever be better, but ma—she *knows*,
 An' she hugs me clost with a kiss, becuz
 She says "I forgot how old I was."

MATHEMATICS.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

I STUDIED my arithmetic,
 And then I went to bed,
 And on my little pillow white
 Laid down my little head.

I hoped for dreams of dear delight,
Of sugar-candy bliss,
But oh ! my sleep the livelong night
Was filled with things like this

Add forty jars of damson jam
To fifty loaves of cake ;
Subtract a cow, and tell me how
Much butter it will make.

Then add the butter to the jam,
And give it to a boy ;
How long will 't take ere grievous ache
Shall dash his childish joy ?

If twenty men stole thirty sheep,
And sold them to the Pope,
What would they get if he should let
Them have the price in soap ?

And if he slew each guileless beast,
And in pontific glee
Sold leg and loin for Roman coin,
What would his earnings be ?

Next, if a tiger climbed a tree
To get a cocoanut,
And if by hap the feline chap
Should find the shop was shut :

And if ten crabs with clawing dabs,
Should pinch his Bengal toes,
What would remain when he should gain
The ground, do you suppose ?

Divide a stick of licorice
 By twenty infant jaws,
 How long must each lose power of speech
 In masticating pause ?

And if these things are asked of you,
 While you're a-chewing of it,
 What sum of birch, rod, pole or perch,
 Will be your smarting profit ?

I woke upon my little bed
 In anguish and in pain.
 I'd sooner lose my brand new shoes
 Than dream those dreams again.

Oh, girls and boys, who crave the joys
 Of slumber calm and deep,
 Try to forget your 'rithmetic
 Before you go to sleep !

THE BIG-HEADED BOY.

O, THE big-headed boy ! who knows more than his
 pa,

And gives advice free to his ignorant old ma ;
 Who the whole tree of knowledge has robbed of its
 fruit,

And torn up its withered old stump by the root ;
 O, the goddess of wisdom smiles blandly and coy
 On the deep, spacious brow of the big-headed boy !

The big-headed boy, though he's scarcely sixteen,
 With octogenarian wisdom is lean.

The wealth of his knowledge he gives without price,
 This munificent slinger of generous advice !

From his fountain of wisdom he raineth with joy
On the just and the unjust—the big-headed boy!

O, the big-headed boy! what a darkness and dearth
Should the light of his knowledge be quenched from
the earth!

How we should be left in the darkness of doubt
As Moses was left when the light went out!
That the world wabble on without further annoy
May he live to direct it—the big-headed boy!

—*Lynn Union.*

THE MEMORY-BRIDGES.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

BUSILY, busily to and fro,
See them, the bridge-builders, come and go,
Gray-beards and bonny-eyes, mothers and midges,
All of them busy a-building bridges.

High be they? Low be they?

Who can tell?

Each keeps his secret, and keeps it well.

Steadily, steadily, see them build.

Not one is idle of all the guild.

This one is planning and placing and plying;
That one is trusting and tracing and trying.

Strong be they? Weak be they?

Who is there

Knows if the bridges will break or bear?

Cleverly, cleverly day by day

Toil the bridge makers sand, stone or clay,

Fashioning after their own designing,
Some for rejoicing and some for repining.

Ugly or beautiful?

Who can know

What is the pattern the bridges show?

Ceaselessly, ceaselessly year by year

Grow the abutment, the arch and the pier,

Grow on the builders' brows wrinkles and ridges,

Caused by the rearing of memory bridges.

Deep be they? Slight be they?

All may see

What sort of furrows these furrows be.

Finally, finally each must tread

Over the Memory-bridge he's made,

Over the deeds that are long past doing,

Over the faults that are left for rueing.

Light is it? Hard is it?

They may ken

Who've crossed the bridges from Now to Then.

German costume—large pipe—put in pocket after a while.

HANS AND THE CHICKENS.

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

As I goes der street down, mit mine pipe, von
tay,

I see Meester Prown's vagon, over der vay,—

[1] Und he peckon me so, mit his vip, und say,

[1] Beckons.

"Hello, Hans! You vas der man I wants der see!

I haf got somedings brime here! Dween you und me

I vas dodgin' olt Schnider. A veller don'd care

To gif dot olt scamp a schance like dis air.

Says I to mineself, as I trove into down,

Hans shall haf der virst schance, or mine name vas not Prown."

Now Schnider, you see, he vas pat vriends mit me,—

I dink, "He not got dot, voteffer it pe!"

[2] Vell, it pe some shickens. I smoke and say "So?"

Till I see Schnider gomin' der street down pelow,—

[3] I dakes mine pipe oud, den, and say, "Vell, trive oop

On der house: I vill dake der whole goop."

Kadrina, mine frow, she vas leedle, you know:

Beobles calls her von scolt,—yaw, dot ish so!

She say, "I vas piggest fool effer she know!

Dey scradge oup der garten so noddings can grow!"

I *dinks*, "maype so,"—but I *say*, "eggs vas high."

"So you puy young roosters," she say fery try.

Vell, I garry dot shickens der pack-yard oup,

Und pigs oup mine hadget, und obens der goop,

[2] With stolid deliberation.

[3] Takes out pipe.

(You see dey vas growded, so dey not can grow)

Und kose in der garten to vork, mit mine hoe.

Purdy soon der pack-toor it vide oben vly,

[4] Und Kadrina say "Shoo!" mit her abron, so
spry

[5] Der shickens all run mit dheir legs und dheir
wings,—

[4] Und Kadrina say, "Shoo dhere! you dirty
dings!"

Den she say "I vas smard!" und sweep off der
valk:

But I noddings say,—I not much vant to dalk.

Vell, I shase dot shickens und vork mit mine
hoe

Till tinner vas reaty. Ven in I ko.

I say, "Vot ish't smell so goot in der giddle?"

(I dinks I dry'n blease Kadrina a leedle.)

She smile, kind of gweer, ven she dishes him
oup—

Und I see shicken's legs stigin' oud dot soup!

I not like dot! I dinks, "Vell now, Hans, my
man,

You pest say somedings, quick, 'fore Kadrina
pegan.

You vas von egstravergrand vomans!" I say,

"I gif feefty cent for dot shickens to tay!

Dot vas purdy dear dish of dot noodle soup!

Vy, some tay or udder, you shust pust me
oup!"

Den Kadrina pegin. I not say no more

Till dot leedle Yawcup he runned in ter toor,—

[4] Imitates shooing with apron.

[5] Imitates chickens running.

“Der onions vas gome oup alreaty!” he yell.
 I runs on der garten—und vot you dinks? vell,
 [6] Dot shickens all scradge mit dheir legs, dis vay,
 Und der onions vas efry von oup, as he say.
 I vas mat! I pigks oup some shunks, off der
 grount,
 Und shases dot shickens der garten around:
 Kadrina geep dalkin’ about der expense,
 Und say, “Efry shicken he *gost feefty cents!*”
 She laugh so she haf to zet down on der goop,—
 Und dell me, “Look oud, or I’ll shust pust me
 oup!”
 I dumble der hoe-hantle ofer, py’n py:
 Kadrina she say, “I not gome oup so spry
 As der onions.”—Vell, we lif high now, you pet!
 Vhen I koes for mine tinner I knows vot I
 ket.
 Yaw,—some of dat shickens we haf efry tay,
 All gooked oup mit onions.—Dhey vas goot dot
 vay.

AN ORACLE.

MARGARET VANDERGRIFF.

WE had chickens a plenty, and turkeys a few,
 And one old gray guinea—of all things to clack
 A guinea’s the clackin’est ever you knew;
 She just keeps on saying, “Come back!” and
 “Come back!”

[6] Imitates chickens scratching.

When I was a youngster, and also a fool,
 They're, generally speaking, all one, more's the
 pity
 I thought I'd quit farming and going to school,
 And go make my fortune awhile in the city.

Mother cried a good deal, and my father looked
 glum,
 Though he gave me a sort of one-sided consent,
 But he said, "Recollect we are always to hum;
 You can fetch yourself back when your money's
 all spent."

That doesn't take long when your pocket-book's
 thin;
 The board was so high, it was most of it eaten;
 Boys seemed at a discount; I had to give in
 That the old man was right, and the young one
 was beaten.

To myself; 'twas another concern, as you'll guess,
 To go back to the farm and take up at the school;
 Though I knew it was true of me, nevertheless
 I shouldn't enjoy being called a young fool.

But somehow or other I heard, or it seemed,
 Above all the noise, that old guinea-hen's clack;
 I couldn't get clear of it; everywhere screamed
 That guinea's eternal "Come back!" and "Come
 back!"

I footed it home, for my money was spent;
 The grass was a picture, the sky was another,
 And I sang to myself every step that I went,
 "I'm going to Mother! I'm going to Mother!"

And the very first thing that I heard at the gate
 Was that silly old guinea-hen's clackety-clack,
 And I holloaed, "Shut up! You are speaking too
 late!
 Why, can't you see, stupid, that I *have* come
 back?"

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
 But sturdy and staunch he stands,
 And the little toy soldier is yellow with rust,
 And his musket molds in his hands.
 Time was when the little toy dog was new,
 And the soldier was passing fair,
 And that was the time when our little Boy Blue
 Kissed them and put them there.
 "Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
 "And don't you make any noise."
 So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
 He dreamed of his pretty toys.
 And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
 Awakened our little Boy Blue—
 Ah! the years are many, the years are long,
 But the little toy friends are true.
 Aye, faithful to little Boy Blue they stand,
 Each in the same old place,
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
 The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years
 through
 In the dust of that little chair,
 What has become of our little Boy Blue
 Since he kissed them and put them there!

TRUE BEAUTY.

Oh! which are the eyes most beautiful?
 Are they blue, or black, or gray?
 Are they drooping and pensive and just a bit sad?
 Or sparkling and bright and gay?
 The eyes that are fairest of all to me,
 Are lighted with kindness, and quick to see
 The sorrows of others, and ready to fill
 For the weak, and the helpless, the aged and
 ill.

Oh! which is the mouth most beautiful?
 Is it pouting, or smiling and sweet?
 Or gravely silent, and serious,
 With a smile that is faint and fleet?
 The mouth that is fairest of all I know,
 Speaks kindly always to high and low;
 No impure words find expression there,
 And 'tis often used in hymn and prayer.

Oh! which are the hands most beautiful?
 Are they plump, and dimpled, and fair?
 Or slim, and taper, and lily white?
 Are they sparkling with rings or bare?

The loveliest hands of all around
 In charity's works are often found ;
 In helping mother they never shirk,
 And are never ashamed of honest work.

Oh ! which are the feet most beautiful ?

Wide, narrow, large or small ?

Are they slim, or dimpled, or richly clad,
 Or poorly, or not at all ?

The feet that are following paths of right,
 Are fairest of all in the Master's sight ;
 They are oft on errands of mercy sent,
 And tho' thorny the path, they are still con-
 tent.

So all may still be beautiful,

Tho' nature her gifts withhold.

There is beauty for all, both great and small,
 And alike for the young and old.

If kindness but fill thought, word and act,
 Old time will a wonderful change transact,
 And the plainest, the soonest may reach the
 goal,

For the only true beauty is beauty of soul.

WHO'LL BUY GREATNESS ?

(Father Time, Auctioneer.)

Who will buy greatness ? Give me a bid !
 Greatness, a jewel that cannot be hid !
 Start it at something, don't all speak at once.
 You, sir, my man, you don't look like a dunce—

Look at it carefully, turn it around,
 Tap on it—what a fine echoing sound!
 What is it, youngster? Oh, “work” says the boy,
 Thousands would give that for such a fine toy.
 “Ease,” “patience,” “sleep?” Well, that’s a begin-
 ning,

Hundreds say “happiness,” but they’re not winning,
 “Books,” “statues,” “paintings,” I hear it from
 twenty:

They are too common, you know I have plenty.

“Wealth?” Well, to you that may mean a great
 deal.

“Health?” Ah, now really it seems that you feel!

What is that? You would be anarchy’s tool?

And you, sir? For greatness he’d gladly play fool!

“Warriors,” “statesmen,” “your blood and your
 brain?”

Come, this won’t answer, you must bid again.

What? give you greatness for such a poor store,—

You know, in your hearts, that you think it worth
 more.

“Life,” “friends,” and “honor?” Oh, that is not
 dear!

“Home,” “wife,” and “children?” Come, sir,
 speak up clear.

Going now—“faith,” “hope,” that’s a bit nigher,

Oh! gentlemen, cannot you go a point higher?

Now—now—you make an old auctioneer weep!

Just look at it—*greatness*—and going *so* cheap!

You there, on the edge, now I just want to ask

As you go to your lowly and poorly-paid task,

Don’t *you* want it? *No?* Then to you I will give it.

That’s the only way, friends, you can get it—is *live* it.

RECITATIONS FOR NOTED DAYS.

HOLIDAY SONG.

Oh! sleepy town, your gates are down;
 We're in, and hold possession;
 We sing and shout; the schools are out,
 And mirth now holds its session.
 With beating drums, our army comes;
 Your banners proudly raise!
 Heigh-ho! don't you know,
 We're home for the holidays?

Oh! sleepy town, look gladly down,
 From half a hundred classes,
 To New Year joys, the girls and boys,
 Such happy lads and lasses.
 March gayly out, then join the shout;
 Your banners proudly raise!
 Heigh-ho! don't you know,
 We're home for the holidays?

Oh! sleepy town, you must not frown,
 You need not think nor reason,
 Our tasks are learned, our play-time earned,
 And 'tis the New Year season.
 Our chorus swells with chiming bells;
 Your banners proudly raise!
 Heigh-ho! don't you know,
 We're home for the holidays?

WATCHING THE OLD YEAR OUT.

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

COME, all ye merry boys and girls,
 The snow is piling higher ;
 Pull down the blinds and draw around
 The roaring, blazing fire.

Now for a raid on hickory nuts,
 And on the apple-bin ;
 For we will watch the Old Year out,
 And watch the New Year in.

Now shake the popper o'er the coals—
 Pop ! pop ! so big and white !
 We'll pile a rival snowbank up,
 That soon will melt from sight.

He's been a right good friend to us,
 This year, that's going fast ;
 He's giving us a jolly time
 Up to the very last.

He's brought us health and happiness ;
 And we are all, I know,
 Some inches taller than we were
 This time a year ago.

If all the years use us as well
 As this old chap has done,
 We'll all be "grown-ups" before long,
 And wouldn't that be fun ?

Perhaps we've grown in wisdom, too—
But we don't like to boast.
Let's do the thing up in good style,
While we are playing host.

I move we give a vote of thanks
To our departing friend.
Carried! without a single "Nay"
From any of the ten.

Good-bye, Old Year—the clock strikes twelve.
Now, just as he is here,
Let's give three cheers of welcome to
Another glad New Year.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Coming, coming, coming!
Listen! perhaps you'll hear
Over the snow the bugles blow
To welcome the glad new year.
In the steeple tongues are swinging,
There are many sleigh-bells ringing,
And the people for joy are singing,
It's coming, coming near.

Flying, sighing, dying,
Going away to-night,
Weary and old, its story told.
The year that was full and bright,

Oh, half we are sorry it's leaving ;
 Good-bye has a sound of grieving ;
 But its work is done and its weaving :
 God speed its parting flight !

Tripping, slipping, skipping,
 Like a child in its wooing grace,
 With never a tear and never a fear,
 And a light in the laughing face ;
 With hands held out to greet us,
 With gay little steps to meet us,
 With sweet eyes that entreat us,
 The New Year comes to its place.

Coming, coming, coming !
 Promising lovely things—
 The gold and gray of the summer day,
 The winter with fleecy wings ;
 Promising swift birds glancing,
 And the patter of rain-drops dancing,
 And the sunbeams' arrowy lancing,
 Dear gifts the New Year brings.

Coming, coming, coming !
 The world is a vision white ;
 From the powdered eaves to the sere-brown leaves,
 That are hidden out of sight,
 In the steeple tongues are swinging,
 The bells are merrily ringing,
 And "Happy New Year" we're singing,
 For the Old Year goes to-night,

—*Harper's Young People.*

THE PASSING BELL.

H. D. CASTLE.

RING softly, solemn bell—
Say "Death is here!"
Sweet silvery sadness swell
Over the bier;
Toll softly, solemn bell,
For the dead year.

No summer breeze to sigh,
No flowers to bring—
Cold as the snow you lie;
Ring, sad bells, ring!

No look like laughing spring
On your dead face—
Of summer's ripening
Beauty and grace,
Of autumn's harvesting,
Never a trace.

Always, when wild winds blow
Shrieking and shrill,
When the cold silent snow
Lies like a chill,
When midnight shadows grow
Awfully still,

Death lays his silent spell
On the Old Year.
Ring softly, solemn bell—
Say "Death is here!"

Ring gladly, happy bell—
 Ring loud and clear !
 Darkness and gloom dispel—
 Lo ! dawn is near !
 Ring ! the glad tidings tell !
 "Happy New Year !"

"Happy New Year" to thee,
 Lovingly given :
 Thine to use rightfully—
 Fresh gift from heaven ;

Thine, with its budding spring ;
 Thine, with its June ;
 Thine with its harvesting—
 Sow for it soon.

"Happy New Year" for thee
 Blessings to bring :
 High hearts beat hopefully—
 Ring, glad bells, ring !

CARELESS SANTA CLAUS.

CATHARINE S. HOLMES.

FROM north to south speeds Santa Claus' his Christ-
 mas crowded sleigh ;
 He does a wonderful amount of labor in a day,
 And so, although a pity, yet perhaps it is not queer
 That in his haste he chanced to make some sad
 mistakes last year.

It happened in a town that lies not distant from our
sight—

The name I will not mention here, but if I would I
might—

He passed expectant, loving friends by tens and
maybe scores,

And left the presents meant for them at other
people's doors.

The gloves he bought for Ella Green he gave to
Emma Gray,

Who had a dozen pairs from Paris just received that
day :

The doll that sickly Lulu Lane had hoped for half a
year

He gave, with seven finer ones, to small Estella
Greer.

The drawing tools requested by ambitious Tommy
West

He sent to idle Philip Jay, who let them rust in rest :
The muff intended Hester's needle-roughened hands
to hold

He gave the banker's daughter—and the sewing
girl caught cold.

None needed more than Mrs. Brown a china dinner-
set,

And Santa brought it for her, but it went to Mrs.
Brett :

And Mrs. Brett, who boarded, crowded it upon a
shelf,

Where no one else could see, and where she seldom
looked herself,

Penallan Vane, the bachelor, society's delight,
 Had three fine silk umbrellas, with handles gleam-
 ing bright;
 And only one was meant for him, one for the widow
 Moore,
 And one for Jones, the coughing clerk at Irwin's
 trimming store.

Now you may think the riddle was not very hard to
 read,
 That those who had too much would soon discover
 who had need;
 But though indeed remarkable, 'tis true which here
 I say :
 Not one of them has dreamed of the mistake until
 to-day.

It is too late to mend it: dolls broken, gloves out-
 worn,
 A pretty muff moth-eaten, umbrellas lost and torn;
 But don't you think that all of us had better watch
 this year,
 Lest Santa Claus should err again, and make the
 blunder here?

WHAT SANTA CLAUS FOUND.

ELLA LYLE.

'Twas a week after Christmas, and Santa Claus
 said :
 "To-night, when the children are safely in bed,
 I'll harness my reindeer, and slyly steal out
 To take one more look at the goods strewn about ;

The presents I carried this year were the best,
And Christmas trees never were more gayly dressed.

"I'll go to the Browns where they've six little boys ;
I'm fond of those youngsters, and gave lots of toys ;
Those drums that I left there were handsome and
strong,

Much pleasure they'll furnish through all the year
long,

The boys, when they wrote, asked for things that
made noise ;

Their parents don't like it—but boys will be boys."

Before I can tell it, for deer can run fast,
Good Santa stood in the Brown's nursery at last ;
It makes one feel sorry to say what a sight
His old eyes beheld as he gazed there that night ;
The playthings were there that belonged to the
tribe,

But as for *condition*, whose pen can describe !

A horse with its tail off—a dog without head—
A wagon-wheel tied to the wagon with thread ;
A trumpet of tin that would never more shout ;
A beautiful spinning top—with the peg out.
The drums—it was awful ! each one of the six
Was riddled in holes by a dozen drumsticks.

There's no use denying that Santa felt bad,
He stood there and looked disappointed and sad ;
"These children are naughty and careless," he said,
"Next year I shall not"—here he nodded his head ;
'Twas plain that some punishment great was in
store—

Could Santa Claus mean he would go there no more ?

Next door Santa went, where lived three tiny girls,
All sweet little maidens with soft golden curls.

He said: "They're not boys with such rough, care-
less ways,

For girls can be happy in quieter plays;

There tea-sets and dolls won't be scattered all
round,

They've taken good care of them—that I'll be
bound."

The shock he received was more cruel, for there
A doll with both arms off lay under a chair;
Another one, eyeless, and hair all pulled out,
Reposed in a bed with a sheet tucked about;
The tea-sets—at sight of them Santa Claus said:
"I feel very sick—I'll go home and to bed."

It makes one feel anxious to think of next year,
There are some cases just like these I fear;
A note might be sent to explain children's plays
(Most likely old Santa forgets childish days),
And tell him that toys wrecked and broken but rise
To take on new value in little folks' eyes.

The doll without eyes was a hospital case,
'Twas such fun to doctor and bind up its face;
The one without arms was from Barnum's great
show,

Two pins let you see it—'twas born so, you know;
The tea-set was ruined—that thing I'll admit,
But dolls do not mind broken dishes one bit.

Those drums—'twas a pity—it can't be denied—
The boys longed to see all the noises inside;

They suffered to find they were hollow, no doubt,
 We all pay big prices that thing to find out;
 So Santa, don't plan any vengeance next year,
 For toys, worn and broken, are none the less dear.
 — *Good Housekeeping.*

OUR COUNTRY.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OUR thought of thee is glad with hope,
 Dear country of our love and prayers;
 Thy way is down no fatal slope,
 But to freer sun and airs.

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
 By God's grace only stronger made;
 In future tasks before thee set
 Thou shalt not lack the old time aid.

The fathers sleep, but men remain
 As true and wise and brave as they;
 Why count the loss without the gain?
 The best is that we have to-day.

No lack was in thy primal stock,
 No weakling founders builded here;
 Thine were the men of Plymouth Rock,
 The Puritan and Cavalier;

And they whose firm endurance gained
 The freedom of the souls of men,
 Whose hands unstained in peace maintained
 The swordless Commonwealth of Penn.

And time shall be the power of all
 To do the work that duty bids ;
 And make the people's Council Hall
 As lasting as the Pyramids.

Thy lesson all the world shall learn,
 The nations at thy feet shall sit ;
 Earth's furthest mountain tops shall burn
 With watchfires from thine own uplit.

Great, without seeking to be great
 By fraud or conquest—rich in gold,
 But richer the large estate
 Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity,
 And strength to simple justice due
 So owns our loyal dream of thee.
 God of our fathers! make it true.

Oh, land of lands! to thee we give
 Our love, our trust, our service free ;
 For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
 And at thy need shall die for thee.

WAR-MARCH OF COMPANY A.

"FORWARD; march!" was the captain's word,
 And the tramp of a hundred men was heard.
 As they formed into line in the morning gray,
 Shoulder to shoulder went Company A.

Out of the shadow into the sun,
A hundred men that moved as one ;
Out of the dawning into the day,
A glittering file, went Company A.

Marching along to the rendezvous,
By grassy meadows the road ran through,
By springing cornfields and orchards gay,
Forward, forward, went Company A.

And the pink and white of the apple trees,
Falling fast on the fitful breeze,
Scattered its dewy, scented spray
Straight in the face of Company A.

A breath like a sigh ran through the ranks
Treading those odorous blossom banks,
For the orchard hillsides far away,
The northern hillsides of Company A.

Forward, march !—and the dream was sped :
Out of the pine wood straight ahead
Clattering a troop of the Southern gray
Face to face with Company A.

Forth with a flash in the Southern sun.
A hundred sabres leaped like one.
Sounded drum-beat and bugle-play
Sounded the charge for Company A.

Halt ! What is here ? A slumbering child,
Roused by the blast of the bugle wild,
Between the ranks of the blue and gray,
Right in the path of Company A.

Nothing knowing of North or South,
Her dimpled fingers within her mouth,
Her gathered apron with blossoms gay,
She stared at the guns of Company A.

Straightway set for a sign of truce
Whitely a handkerchief fluttered loose,
As front of the steel of the Southern gray
Galloped the captain of Company A.

To his saddle-bow he swung the child,
With a kiss on the baby lips that smiled,
While the boys in blue and the boys in gray
Cheered for the captain of Company A.

Forth from the ranks of his halted men,
While the wild hurrahs rang out again,
The Southern leader spurred his way
To meet the captain of Company A.

Out of the arms that held her safe
He took with a smile the little waif.
A grip of the hand 'twixt blue and gray,
And back rode the captain of Company A.

Up there, in the distant cottage door,
A mother clasping her child once more,
Shuddered at sight of the smoke-cloud gray
Shrouding the path of Company A.

A little later and all was done—
The battle was over, the victory won.
Nothing was left of the pitiless fray
That swept the ranks of Company A.

Nothing left—save the bloody stain
Darkening the orchard's rosy rain.
Dead the chief of the Southern gray,
And dead the captain of Company A.

Fallen together the gray and blue,
Gone to the final rendezvous,
A grave to cover, a prayer to say,
And—Forward, march! went Company A.
—*The Century.*

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

THE number *thirteen* in the light of to-day
Doesn't seem so very unlucky.
Every one of our Old Thirteen still survives,
And is good as yet for a hundred lives,
And is staunch and true and plucky.
Chorus—"Yankee Doodle, keep it up," etc.

In the glorious lead of the Old Thirteen,
Keeping time with their vigorous drumming,
New States have come, and new stars in the blue,
To the number of—call it *forty-two*,
And more will yet be coming.
Chorus—"The Union forever," etc.

This land our fathers died to found,
Our brothers died to save it.
Oh, double baptism of tears!
God grant, through all the future years,

The stream of peace may lave it.

Chorus—"We shall meet, but we shall miss him," etc.

From ocean to ocean, from river to gulf,

In love may our hearts be united.

May the true and the brave, by tyrants oppressed,

The loyal and loving, though poor and distressed,

Be to share in our blessings invited.

Chorus—"And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave," etc.

Around the name of Washington,

O, friends, what memories cluster!

Praise be to Him, whose power divine,

Has made the cause of Freedom shine

With e'er-increasing luster.

Chorus—"Our fathers' God, To thee, ect."

CLASS RECITATIONS FOR INTERMEDIATE
GRADES.

WEATHER SIGNALS.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

To be recited by two girls and two boys carrying signal flags.

In Concert.

Do you see our flags?
Good Uncle Sam has a million more;
He floats them aloft from shore to shore,
So all the people can quickly see
What sort of weather it's going to be
By the signal flags.

First Little Girl.

When you see my flag
You may lay your plans to come or to go,
To skate or to coast, to ride or to row,
To harvest the ice, or to spread the hay,
For, summer or winter, the clouds give way,
When they see my flag.

Second Little Girl.

When you see my flag
You must look to your rubbers, umbrellas and
wraps,

You must arm yourselves against various haps,
For the sleet may fall and the wind may blow,
And it's always a sign of rain or snow
When you see my flag.

First Little Boy.

When you see my flag
As it floats above the white or the blue,
You may know that a warmer day is due ;
If it floats below the blue or the white,
You may know a cooler day is in sight
When you see my flag.

Second Little Boy.

When you see my flag
Get out your furs and your warmest clothes,
Take care of your ears and the end of your nose,
Think up your favorite frost-bite cure,
For a cold snap's coming—of that be sure
When you see my flag.

In Concert.

Hurrah for the flags !
They show us the signs of calm or storm,
Or whether the day will be cold or warm,
Or when Jack Frost will be at his pranks ;
So let Uncle Sam have praise and thanks
For the signal flags.

HE WAS WEARY OF THE SERMON.

Dialogue.

Lean toward each other and speak in stage whispers.

"Mamma, what kind of flowers has that lady got in her bonnet?"

His Mamma—You mustn't talk so loud, dear, you'll disturb the congregation.

"They look like Johnnie-jump-ups, don't they?"

"Hush, dear. Listen to the sermon."

(After a prolonged stillness of ten seconds)—"Are they real flowers, mamma, or only make believe?"

"They are artificial, Willie. Be a good boy now, and don't whisper any more."

"Yes'm."

(Says nothing for at least half a minute.)

"Mamma!"

"'Sh. Willie! What is it?"

"When Johnnie-jump-ups are growed up, do they get to be jumpin'-jacks?"

"Listen to the sermon, dear!"

"Yes'm."

(Another period of silence.)

"Mamma, the preacher said 'thirdly.' How many morelys will he——"

"'Sh, Willie!"

"Yes'm. But I'm getting awfully tired."

"It will only last a little while longer, dear. Be quiet."

“ Yes'm. * * * Mamma, can a woman be real pious if she wears a stuffed hummin' bird on her bonnet? ”

“ Willie, if you don't hush I shall have to punish you! ”

“ Right here? ”

“ No ; after we get home. 'Sh! ”

(Another pause.)

“ Mamma, seems to me that I've been 'sh-ing a mighty long time! How much longer is he going to——”

(Growing desperate.) “ Willie, if you say another word I'll take you right out of church! ”

(Apparently struck by an idea.) I won't say another word, mamma, but I'm getting just horrible tired, and I don't see how I can set still another minute, and I wish he'd quit talkin' ain't you tired 'most to death how much longer is he going to keep on what's the use o' bringing me here anyhow——”

And Willie's mother takes him cut.

TRAVELERS.

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

[Pupils rise in seats, *first in one place*, then in another. Might be used in school—pupils describing countries and towns in own language, regardless of rhyme, excepting in refrain. Have two sides—side failing to guess in “one, two and three” must furnish traveler—if guessed other side must travel farther.]

First Pupil.

I MOVE that to-day we try something new,—
 I'm tired of speaking and singing—aren't you?
 Now I'll be a traveler, traveling about;
 See, from my description if you can find out
 The land where I travel, and tell it to me;
 I'll give you three guesses,—just one, two and three.
 It's cloudy and damp where I'm traveling to-day;
 The sun tries to shine, but the clouds love to stay.
 The country is wondrously, beautifully green,—
 But the people are not,—they seem pretty keen.
 There are factories humming and smoking, all day,
 To fill all the ships that go sailing away:
 And oh, what great cities! But on I must jog,
 Or else, I'm afraid, I'll get lost in the fog.

Now, where can I be?

With a one, two and three,

Come tell it to me.

Pupils guess.—Ireland. England.

First Pupil.

In England. My riddle was easily guessed.
Now some one else travel, and I'll take a rest.

Second Pupil.

Whew ! but it's cold where I am, I should say !
They have six months' night, and then six months'
day.

Folks dress in rich furs,—but live some like hogs ;
They sleighride in sledges, and their horses are
dogs.

There are cold frozen lands, and cold frozen seas
Where great crystal palaces float as they please.

Now where can I be ?

With a one, two and three,

Come tell it to me.

Pupils guess.—In Greenland. Up in Siberia. In
the arctic regions.

Second Pupil.

Yes, that's where I am. I'll come home if you
please :

If I stay any longer I fear I shall freeze.

Third Pupil.

Come down where I am, as quick as you can,
And soon you'll be wanting a big palm-leaf fan.
There are hot arid deserts, where rains seldom fall ;
And strange looking animals, frightfully tall ;
There are jungles and marshes, so wild and so
thick ;

And brilliantly beautiful flowers to pick :

And the people are black. I think you and I

Would get dreadfully tanned, under this blazing sky.

Now where can I be?
With a one, two and three,
Come tell it to me.

Pupils guess.—India. Africa.

Third Pupil.

Yes, that's where I am—but I think I'll not stay :
It's very unhealthy for white folks, they say.

Fourth Pupil.

There are plenty of people where I chance to be :
They're small, and they're yellow—I think they
drink tea.

Their eyes are aslant, and their hair's in a cue
That wouldn't look pretty on me or on you.
They are very exclusive, and full of conceit,—
And hobble around on their poor little feet.
They knew more than we did a long time ago,—
But now, we could show them some things they
don't know.

There are people who want the whole earth, you
have heard,

And a patch for potatoes outside. On my word,
I think they live here ! I pray you don't laugh !
There are acres of garden just floating on rafts !
And I think that all people should stop their abuse
When these patches outside are all put to good use.

Now where can I be?
With a one, two and three,
Come tell it to me.

Pupils guess.—Japan. China.

Fourth Pupil.

Yes, that's where I am,—and I hasten away :
I should climb the great wall if you doomed me to
stay.

Fifth Pupil.

In the place where I am, the people ride out,
Though there's never a carriage or street car about :
No clanking of hoofs, and no rattling of wheels,—
No puffing of engines, or gleaming of steels ;—
For the roads are of water,—and, day after day,
The people go floating, floating away.

Now where can I be ?

With a one, two and three,

Come tell it to me.

Pupils guess.—Up in a balloon. On the ocean.
In Venice.

Fifth Pupil.

Yes, I'm calling you in, on the Bride of the Sea :
Step in my gondola—go calling with me.

Sixth Pupil.

In a wonderful country I'm traveling to-day,
Where grand mountains rise, and vast plains stretch
away.

You can sail from the east coast or sail from the
west—

Atlantic, Pacific, just as you like best.

There are rivers and lakes on a generous scale,

And plenteous harvests on hill and in dale.

Snug farm-houses nestle, and great cities rise,

And factories send their dark smoke to the skies.

You can live where it's warm, or live where it's
cool,

In this privileged country where freedom has rule,—
And I feel like an heiress, wherever I go,
For all this belongs to our Uncle, you know.

Now where can I be?

With a one, two and three,

Come tell it to me.

All (except one.)—United States!

One.—Uncle Sam.

Sixth Pupil.

Yes, the United States! and our journey is done;
'Tis the best place to live in under the sun.

A NUMBER ONE SURPRISE PARTY.

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

Song and pantomime—Air “Yankee Doodle.”

Teacher at black-board—wear glasses.—Johnnie sits at desk, or table, where he can be seen by all.—Plays amusing pranks while first verse and chorus are being sung, keeping watch of teacher from corner of eye.

JOHNNIE DOOLEY was a lad
Who very much delighted
In playing naughty pranks in school.—
Quoth he, “I’m such a bright kid!”

Chorus.

“Johnnie Dooley, ha! ha! ha!
He’s so sly and handy,
Teacher never catches him; I
Tell you he’s a dandy!

“When she’s doing black-board work
[1] The paper balls go flying,—
And many a forbidden note
[2] Across the aisle I’m slying.

Chorus.

[3] “See me put my glasses on
My freckled central feature,

- [4] And study very diligent,
[5] And look as wise as teacher."

- Johnnie Dooley didn't see
The principal was coming.
[6] He caught him, and he collared him,
And took him out a-humming.

Chorus.

Johnnie Dooley, boo! hoo! hoo!
'Tis a sorry day, sir.
Fancy you'll be feeling smart
In quite a different way, sir.

- [1] Flings paper ball.
[2] Passes note.
[3] Puts on tin spectacles.
[4] Studies "very diligent," watching teacher.
[5] Principal appears on opposite side, looks at Johnnie a moment,—tiptoes forward.
[6] Catches, collars, and takes out.

PICTURES FROM SCHOOL LIFE.

Tableaux.

HARRIET DAVENPORT CASTLE.

MAKE a large frame and cover with gilt paper, or touch with gold paint. Fasten rings to top of curtains. Run wire through rings. Draw curtains from right and left. Stretch a sheet, or, better still, some neutral tinted cloth or paper, firmly and smoothly back of frame,—allowing room for figures to stand between frame and background.

A START IN SCHOOL LIFE.

First Picture.

A tiny maiden dressed for either a summer or winter walk, and to look as cute and sweet as possible without being too fine for every day. Carry school satchel and if in the country a small dinner pail.

THE TUG OF WAR.

Second Picture.

Boys pulling at opposite ends of rope. See etchings of Morgan's painting.

STANDING THE HIGHEST IN HIS CLASS.

Third Picture.

Little boy standing on dunce block, with dunce cap.

THE COOLEST MAN ON THE PLAYGROUND.

Fourth Picture.

An imitation snow man, covered with cotton. A dark background would be best for this.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

Fifth Picture.

A little girl rubbing eyes with fingers, as if crying: at her feet an overturned basket: on ground bread, apples, book, etc. Little boy in the act of picking up bread.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Sixth Picture.

A large ruler, gilded, or covered with gilt paper, hanging from top of frame.

THE BOY THAT CAME OVER WITH NOAH.

Seventh Picture.

A much surprised boy sprawling on floor, and an overturned dictionary holder with unabridged dictionary.

THE SALE OF A SMALL BARK.

Eighth Picture.

A small boy with a small dog in his arms. Another small boy throwing pennies from an old purse.

THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

Ninth Picture.

A "sweet girl graduate" holding roll of paper tied with a blue ribbon. Plenty of flowers at her feet would make a prettier picture.

Pictures, suited to the locality and occasion will doubtless suggest themselves.

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.

Dialogue.

Characters.—Miss Ray—Teacher.

Mr. Sleepyman—Director.

Tom Softheart—large boy.

Johnnie Little—small boy.

Samyell Hozayer Jackson—large boy.

Mrs. Severe and daughter Linda.

Other pupils.

[Miss Ray taps bell and pupils come in.]

Miss Ray.—You may take the same seats you occupied last term. I will attend to the seating presently.

Tom Softheart.—We didn't have no reglar seats last term; jest set around wherever we wanted to.

Johnnie Little (points with thumb at Tom).—He most allers set with the big girls.

Tom S. (sotto voce).—You shet up!

Miss R.—Well, sit where you please, for the present.

(Pupils seat themselves—a little pushing and crowding.)

Miss R. (note-book in hand).—I shall not feel acquainted until I know what to call you. You

may answer in turns. What shall I call this little boy ?

Johnnie L.—Don't make no difference. You may call me anything you've a mind to.

Miss R. (smiling)—Well, that's pleasant ! What do your parents call you ?

Johnnie L.—They call me "sonny," cos all the rest are girls.

Tom S.—His name's Johnnie Little. (*Aside to Johnnie.*) You're a smarty, ain't you ?

Miss R. (writes name).—How old are you ?

Tom S.—He's seven year old.

Miss R.—What book have you ?

Johnnie L.—Never had none. Allers used Bill White's.

Miss R.—Was it a first reader ?

Johnnie L.—It was a *little* book, with a yeller cover.

Tom S.—He's in the primer. (*Aside to Johnnie.*) Don't you know nothin' ?

Miss R.—And what is *your* name ?

Tom S.—Tom Softheart; fourteen June comin'.

Miss R.—What books have you ? Please read the title.

Tom S.—The what, mum ?

Miss R.—The names.

Tom S. (looking over books).—McGuffey's Third Reader, Webster spelling book, Gyot's Gography, and Ray's Higher 'rithmetic—guess 'tis—some of it's tore off.

Miss R.—Your arithmetic hardly corresponds with your reader. Have you completed the Intermediate ?

Tom S.—I never figgered none. That's all we had in the house. Pap 'lowed he wouldn't git another till I'd used that up. [*Rap at the door.*]

Miss Ray (aside).—Oh, dear, there comes the Director! Why *couldn't* he wait till we were organized! (*Opens door.*) Good-morning, Mr. Sleepy-man, walk in.

Mr. Sleepyman (pompous and stout).—Good-morning, Miss Ray. Thought I would just drop in a few minutes to see how you are getting along. I think it is a part of my official duty to visit the school often. It kind of supports the teacher and enlivens the children. I'll just sit right down here, thank you.

[*Mr. Sleepyman grows drowsy, nods, falls fast asleep, snores.*]

Miss Ray (to next large boy—very awkward and stupid).—What is your name?

Sam J.—Sam.

Miss Ray.—What is the rest of it?

Sam.—Sam-yell.

Miss Ray.—But what is your surname?

Sam.—Middle name's Hozayer.

Miss Ray.—And the last name?

Sam.—Jackson.

Miss Ray.—Jackson, then, is the name of your parents?

Sam.—No, mum, it ain't. One of 'um's named Willyum and t'other Mary Jane.

Miss Ray.—How old are you?

Sam (shakes head stupidly).—Dunno.

Miss Ray.—What! A boy as large as you don't know his age?

Sam.—Yes 'um.

Miss Ray.—A boy of your size ought to know the exact year of his birth.

Sam.—I do know the year.

Miss Ray.—What was it?

Sam.—Same year as my sister Harriet.

Miss Ray.—Indeed!

Sam.—Yes 'um; we're twins.

Miss Ray.—I want you to ask your mother how old you are, and tell me to-morrow. Where do you live?

Sam.—To home.

Miss Ray.—Where is your home?

Sam (with jerk of head over shoulder).—Over you.

Miss Ray.—Have you any books?

Sam.—No, mum. I don't need none.

Miss Ray.—Why not?

Sam.—I'm only in my a-b abs.

Miss Ray.—Then you have never had educational advantages?

Sam (scratching head).—No, mum; not that I knows of. But I've had airysepelas. If what you say is worse nor that, I don't wanter ketch it.

[*Rap*—*Miss Ray opens door—enter Mrs. Severe and daughter Linda.*

Mrs. Severe.—Are you the new teacher?

Miss Ray.—Yes, madam.

Mrs. Severe.—My name is Severe, and this is my daughter, Linda. We've just moved into the neighborhood. I think it's my duty to get Linda into school, and see that she is properly educated. You know enough to teach, do you?

Miss Ray.—I think I do.

Mrs. Severe.—And you feel competent to govern the scholars, do you?

Miss Ray.—Yes, madam.

Mrs. Severe.—Do you pound 'em with a ferule, or whip 'em with a stick?

Miss Ray.—I seldom resort to punishment.

Mrs. Severe.—That is better yet. I know if Linda should come home all pounded up, I'd feel like killing somebody. I suppose you are respectable, ain't you?

Miss Ray (embarrassed).—Why—ahem—why—

Mrs. Severe.—I expect you are. It's well enough to know who our children are associating with. Now do you allow the boys and girls to sit together? They never used to when I was young, and I don't think Linda is any better than I was. Now another thing—do you have a beau?

Miss Ray (much embarrassed).—Why—why—

Mrs. Severe (severely).—I think you do! I know just how it works! When you should be explaining what an archipelago is you are thinking of your Richard, and your mind is 'way off.

Miss Ray.—But, madam—

Mrs. Severe.—Never mind any explanation! I want Linda brought up to know joggerfy, figures, writing and spellography; and if you've got a beau, and are spooking to a dance one night, and a candy pull the next, and sittin' up the next, and so on, your mind can't be on education. Come, Linda, we'll go home.

[*Exit Mrs. Severe and Linda, shutting door with*

bang. Mr. Sleepyman wakens with snort—looks around with an “Who-says-I’ve-been-asleep?” air.

Mr. Sleepyman.—I am very much pleased with what I have seen of your school, Miss Ray. You are getting along finely. Children, I am glad to see you all so interested and wide awake. Try and see how much you can learn, and how well you can behave this term. Your teacher will do *her* part, I know. I shall drop in, every now and then, to waken you up a bit. Good-morning, children. Good-morning, Miss Ray. *[Exit Mr. Sleepyman.]*

Miss Ray (looking at watch).—Well, children, as it is time for recess, we will adjourn to the grove. Perhaps our acquaintance will progress more rapidly there.

[Exit Miss Ray surrounded by smaller children—larger boys behind.]

Tom Softheart (just before passing out).—Hurrah for the new teacher! Wonder who her beau is.

“Brightening the Schoolroom” Series.

SPECIAL-DAY BOOKS

EDITED BY

ALICE M. KELLOGG.

This exceedingly attractive and popular series contains the following books.

The material in all is new, carefully selected, and is adapted to all grades.

A very valuable feature are the suggestions for the most effective use of each exercise.

Complete programs are also suggested—a great help to the teacher.

HOW TO CELEBRATE WASHINGTON’S BIRTHDAY IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

Containing Patriotic Exercises, Declamations, Recitations, Songs, 3 Flag Drills, 50 Patriotic Quotations, etc., for the Primary, Grammar and High School. The best and freshest book for Washington’s Birthday published. The material is new and of a high order of merit; 96 pages. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

HOW TO CELEBRATE ARBOR-DAY IN THE SCHOOLROOM. For the Primary, Grammar and High School. This book gives the origin of Arbor Day, hints on the Planting of Trees, 10 Special Exercises, the Pink-rose Drill, Recitations, Songs, Quotations, and complete programs carefully arranged for the observance of the day. Suggestions as to the most effective use of each exercise and the seven programs, are features that the busy teacher will appreciate. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

HOW TO CELEBRATE THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS IN THE SCHOOLROOM. Consisting of Recitations, Songs, Drills, Dialogues, Exercises, and Complete Programs for celebrating Autumn Days, Thanksgiving and Christmas, for Primary, Grammar and High School. Handsomely bound. Large, 132 pages. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

NEW-YEAR AND MIDWINTER EXERCISES. Containing Quotations, Recitations, Authors’ Birthdays and many special programs, for Primary, Grammar and High School. Programs for a Dickens Exercise, February 7; for a Burns Exercise, January 25, etc. A “Winter Evening Entertainment” will occasion a great deal of interest. The only collection especially for winter exercises published. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

SPRING AND SUMMER SCHOOL CELEBRATION. Exercises, Tableaux, Pantomimes, Recitations, Drills, Songs, for celebrating Easter, May Day, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, and Closing Day. No book of half the value is to be found for the price. Nearly one hundred fresh, charming, mostly original selections. A large handsome book of 160 pages. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

NEW FANCY DRILLS AND MARCHES, MOTION SONGS AND ACTION PIECES. For Arbor Day, Christmas, Memorial Day, Closing Day and Patriotic Occasions. Contains the whole of Grouping with Flags, by Carl Betz. The newest, brightest, most attractive book of drills and marches published. Has been eagerly welcomed by teachers. 114 pages. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

SPECIAL. The six books above to one address for \$1.35 cash, postpaid.

E. L. KELLOGG & CO., 262 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

Betz's Free Gymnastics. . . .

Betz's Gymnastic Tactics. . .

Betz's Free Gymnastics, Abridged

. . For Use In Ungraded Schools. . .



Mailing Prices, 65 cents, 75 cents, and 35 cents, respectively.

FREE GYMNASTICS
IS THE BOOK OF THE COURSE FOR BEGINNERS.
Fifth Edition, Fifteenth Thousand.

**Prompt Obedience learned in the practice of your exercises,
becomes a habit, and extends to Obedience
in other things.**

“In my opinion, your system of gymnastics has three marked points of excellence:

“1. It aims at a harmonious development of all parts of the child's physical nature.

“2. It requires close attention and prompt decision on the part of the learner to obey the directions of the instructor. By this means, ATTENTION and WILL-POWER are cultivated.

“3. The habit of prompt obedience, learned in the practice of your exercises, becomes a HABIT, and extends to obedience in other things.”

From I. C. McNEILL, Prin. Morse School,

Kansas City, Mo.

GYMNASTIC TACTICS teaches fancy movements such as Tactic Evolutions, Fancy Steps, Fancy Marches, etc. If you wish to learn how to direct the movements of a large number of children in a body from one room to another, or from one part of the play ground to another, handling them gracefully, send for **GYMNASTIC TACTICS**.

Remember that **FREE GYMNASTICS ABRIDGED** is adapted to the needs of ungraded schools; also to the needs of those who want a lighter work than the complete edition.



Now is the Time to Study Insects!

EBERHART'S ELEMENTS OF ENTOMOLOGY,

*Embraces an Explanation of
Technical Terms, Complete
directions for Collecting,
Mounting and Preserving In-
sects and a Pictorial Key to
our Common Insects. . . .*

Contains 40 full page Plates embracing more than
300 Figures of Common Insects with Names. . . .

In the chapter on **Collecting and Mounting**, full directions are given for this entertaining work. There is no amusement productive of more benefit to one's health than that of capturing some of the thousands of insects, mounting and preserving them.

This book tells how to do all this and is besides of great benefit in Zoology Classes and in studying nature. . . .

Price, 144 pages, 35 cents.

EBERHART'S OUTLINES OF ECONOMIC ENTOMOLOGY,

It is adapted to the use of farmers and gardeners as a reference book. Teachers will find much in it of great service to them in Zoology and otherwise. Brief life histories of the injurious insects are given illustrated by numerous engravings so that the insect may be easily identified, and concluding with remedies for preventing their ravages. Price, 45 cents.

EBERHART'S KEY TO THE FAMILIES OF INSECTS.

Although there are many keys to particular orders and to particular families there is no key heretofore published which in a single volume starts the young entomologist on the way to tell to what class and family his specimens belong. It is well illustrated and is now in the second edition. Price, 15 cents.

SPECIAL.—The Three Books prepaid, for 80 cents.

A. FLANAGAN, Chicago.

HINTS AND HELPS IN DRAWING

EASY THINGS TO DRAW

BY D. R. AUGSBURG,

Simple Drawings,
Easy to Produce.

Excellent Busy Work.

Taking Object Lessons.

This collection may be used in connection with any system of drawing, or independently to acquire a knowledge of drawing. *Easy Things to Draw* has delighted many teachers. It is a helpful book. It is of quarto size, 80 pages; 31 large plates containing over 200 outline figures.

Price, 30 cents; to teachers, 24 cents; by mail, 4 cents extra.

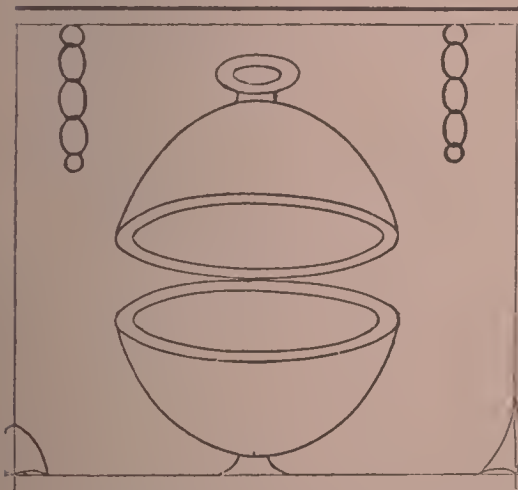
CHILDREN'S DRAWING TEACHER.

BUSY WORK FOR IDLE FINGERS.

Leather paper stencils of Animals, Children at Play, Houses, Fruits, Flowers, etc. Size $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ inches. Perforated so that a child can trace with pencil an outline for the pictures to be filled out, thus affording amusement and profitable employment. Thousands in use.

A class may be kept busy in this way for a long time, to the great relief of the teacher.

Each box contains 20 stencils, also practice paper. There are four collections. A few of the best designs are duplicated in some of the boxes, but nearly all are different. Sets 1, 2, 3 and 4, each 25 cents, postpaid.



Hull's Drawing Book; *Revised and Enlarged*, to help those teachers who desire to learn the art of *Blackboard Illustrating*.

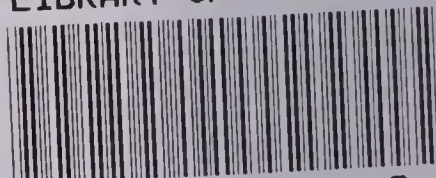
Several full page drawings have been added.

It is now just the book for the teacher who is ambitious to use the chalk in blackboard sketching. Learn the chalk language, and use it to catch the attention of your pupils. Make them know by seeing.

It contains several hundred designs and pictures of drawings; also instruction in paper folding and cutting.

It is the book for teachers who have beginners in reading and wish to make the picture with the word; or for teachers who have from fifty to one hundred pupils and are troubled to keep the little ones busy.

Price reduced to 25 cents.



0 033 261 011 9

Illustrative Blackboard Sketching;
of the N. Y. Normal Art School.

Price 30 cents; to teachers, 24 cents; postage 3 c.

This is another fine work on **Blackboard Sketching**, 100 pages of designs and directions. Any teacher can use it on the board, with the aid of this work.

DRAWING MADE EASY SERIES.



SET No. I. Fifty exercises on cards for reproduction. Illustrative of the use of straight and curved lines.

SET No. II. Forty-seven designs. Familiar subjects—pigs, butterfly, rabbit, etc.

SET No. III. Designs largely of animals, fruit, flowers, birds and houses, forty-nine in number.

SET No. IV. Twenty-eight designs of landscapes, in which shading is introduced. The designs in this set are larger than those in sets 1 to 3.

Price per set, 25 cents; to teachers, 23 cents, postpaid; any two sets of the series will be sent for 45 cents, three for 65 cents, four for 85 cents, postpaid.

These designs may be used for blackboard or seat work. Manuals accompany each set without additional charge.

Supplementary Drawing Made Easy, No. 1, has been prepared to meet the demand for more designs in this series. Fifty designs, 25 cards. Price, postpaid, 25 cents.

Seventy-five Very Easy Drawing Exercises. These designs are of subjects which children take pleasure in reproducing. Each is in form of a square, marked by cross lines, to aid in copying.

Price, only 10 cents per set, postpaid.

SPANGLER'S DRAWING FORMS.



Sixteen pages of drawing forms from the most elementary, to those quite difficult, on dark ground work, the back of each page blank.

Price, 10 cents, \$1.00 per dozen, postpaid.

BLANK DRAWING BOOK.

Contains 12 pages of American drawing paper, $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; a sheet of tissue paper between every two sheets of drawing paper. Some of the drawing designs which we offer may be reproduced to good advantage in this book and at small expense. 8 cents each, 72 cents per dozen, postpaid; by express at expense of purchaser, \$4.50 per 100.

Other Helps in Drawing, such as papers, rulers, text-books, and manuals, are carried in stock, and prices will be quoted upon application.

A. FLANAGAN. Chicago.